TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## THE FRONT PAGE

THE north pole, which for centuries has defied scientists and travellers is, according to two explorers, now an open book. In less than a week's time the news has been flashed around the world that two men, belonging to different expeditions, have within a year's time stood at the latitude 90 and longitude anything they wanted to make it.

According to the testimony of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who when at home resides in Brooklyn, N.Y., and who in his youth is said to have conducted a milk route, the pole was discovered by him on April 21, 1908; while out of the far north now comes word from Commander Peary and his party of explorers that they attained the pole on April 6, 1909.

From the first there has been a disposition to doubt Dr. Cook's story of his alleged achievement. Scientists generally and Arctic travellers have not as a whole been disposed to accept it, and it is now up to this traveller to prove his contention, if he can. To back up their argument these doubting Thomases state that the rate of travel in the last dash, which Dr. Cook reckoned from 12 to 15 miles per day, is a speed under the circumstances utterly beyond human endurance, while the statement made by Dr. Cook that cold to the extent of 83 degrees below zero centigrade, equivalent to 117 degrees below zero Fahrenheit, was endured, will also be taken with a grain of salt. The latter statement sounds very much as if Dr. Cook had made serious error in the reading of his thermometer, or else that instrument had by some chance gone badly astray.

If Dr. Cook really attained the almost unattainable it is a thousand pities that no white man accompanied him, for until we hear particulars from the Peary party, the former's statement will always be received with a certain amount of scepticism, and this will be particularly true of rival explorers and a certain set of scientific men, who must be shown something more convincing than a note book which might with a certain amount of polar experience possessed by Dr. Cook, have been written up many miles from north latitude 90. Unfortunately for Dr. Cook, the testimony of his two faithful but very ignorant Eskimos is also of very questionable value.

"If you do not believe my story," says Dr. Cook, "go have a look at the pole yourself. I have buried a small brass tube under a stone where the flag stands."

This argument is a clincher, and it is about the only method of proving that either Dr. Cook is the foremost explorer of his day or the biggest son of Ananias out of captivity.

It is now up to Commander Robert E. Peary and his party to either prove or disprove Dr. Cook's statement, for Peary announces that he reached the pole on April 6 of this year, or nearly twelve months after Dr. Cook claims to have attained it. Commander Peary is not only an experienced traveller in the polar regions, but a man whose testimony, combined with that of his party, the members of which apparently accompanied him to the end of his quest, will be taken without question. The details of the journey through the last few degrees of latitude as given out by Dr. Cook will have to correspond with those of the Peary party, else they will not be considered as at all conclusive by the scientific world.

For upward of three hundred years 90 degrees north latitude has been diligently sought by the world's great travellers, and it is a strange coincidence indeed that after all those years two claims of having attained the North Pole should reach civilization within a few days of each other. The lives lost in North Pole exploration number, it is said, 750, aside from any possible deaths in the present Peary party, which sailed away on the steamer Roosevelt for the Northland in July a year ago. It has always been a question whether the scientific problems cleared up by these dashes into the polar regions have been commensurate to the awful privations endured and the lives lost in the former futile attempts to reach the top of the earth.

That Commander Peary should at last attain the North Pole will not astonish people greatly, for the man has made practically a life study of the problems involved, and his financial backing has been such that carefully prepared expeditions, with every detail complete, have always been possible. And again, while Commander Peary is a man of tried courage, he is also cautious and the loss of life in his various expeditions, covering a period of many years, has been very trivial indeed. In 1902 Peary succeeded in penetrating to 84 degrees 17 minutes north, and in 1906 attained 87 degrees 6 minutes, which up to the discovery of the pole itself stood as a record for Arctic travel. Therefore that Commander Peary should with his great experience and his fine equipment, which he has for years been gathering together, have been able to overcome the difficulties of the intervening two hundred miles is not a matter of great surprise, but at the same time these facts do not take away from the man, his officers and crew the glory that is their due.

As to whether Cook can prove his contention of having stood directly under the pole star almost a year previous to Peary remains to be seen, but at the moment it would appear that the odds are in favor of Commander Robert E. Peary, U.S.N. His has been a fine display of good old Anglo-Saxon grit and courage, and back of it all there is a reputation for not only clear thinking but veracity, and these points have not as yet been plainly demonstrated by Dr. Cook.

Some years ago Dr. Cook announced that he had climbed Mount McKinley. This statement, unaccompanied as it was by explicit data or the evidence of others, was not accepted by the scientific world, and today this Alaskan peak stands as never having been trod by the foot of man. These facts do not make this traveller's contentions as to the discovery of the North Pole any the more forcible to a naturally incredulous world.

A strange part of this lure of the Northland is the persistency with which a traveller once experiencing it will return time and again. Peary's repeated trips to the frozen deserts of the north have been duplicated times without number in bygone days. The wander lust of the Anglo-Saxon is part of his blood and bone, and it is not strange under the circumstances that the men of the breed have ever been prominent in Arctic explorations. Back in 1498 John Cabot made the attempt to reach India by way of the Arctic ocean, and fifty-five years later Sir Hugh Willoughby and his company of 61 died in another try at the North-west passage. Then we come down to John Davis, who made three attempts in four years, and in 1607 Henry Hudson made the first of his voyages to the Arctic. Captain Cook followed with three attempts at the North-west passage, and next comes the first voyage of Parry in 1818, to be followed in the next year by the first voyage of Franklyn. Parry tried again and again and so did Sir John Franklyn, until the latter in the third attempt, in 1845, lost his own life and that of every man of his command.

For many years the story surrounding the disappearance of Sir John Franklyn and his men remained a sealed book, and no less than forty expeditions were sent out at different times to ascertain the truth, and bring back if possible any chance survivors. It was not until years afterward that Captain McClintock finally solved the mystery by finding buried in the frozen north the papers recording the voyage of the Erebus and the Terror, the death of Franklyn and the departure of the crews for the civilization which none of them ever reached. Dr. Kane's first voyage northward was with a Franklyn search party, and three years afterward Dr. Kane himself undertook a voyage on his own account. Then we come down to the sixties, when Charles Hall, an American, made two voyages, resulting in important discoveries relative to the fate of the last of Sir John Franklyn's party, which up to that time had been in doubt. In the early eighties we have the tragedy of Lieutenant De Long, of the U.S. Navy, and the Jeannette. The story of how the Jeannette was crushed in the ice, and how the dead body of De Long and members of his crew were found is part of the death toll the present generation shares in.

In this long roll of honor one must not forget Captain Amundsen, the plain sailorman of Norway who discovered the magnetic pole, and who successfully negotiated the North-west passage.

The record has been a long and honorable one, but now travel into the silent Northland will, in all probability, cease, for the unattainable has been attained; the North Pole is no longer the mystery it was. Peary has reached it and perhaps Cook as well.

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TORONTO has lost a goodly section of its fine Parliament Building by fire. But worse than this the Provincial library, much of the contents of which cannot under any circumstances be replaced, has been destroyed. At the moment the several sections of the civic government are busy blaming all but their own immediate section for the loss. As a matter of fact the fire brigade was not on the spot in effective numbers and with the necessary apparatus until the western wing of the structure was doomed. That the water pressure was lamentably weak previous to the employment of the fire engines is also a fact. And thirdly, there can be no question but that the structure was more or less of a fire trap. The fatal error appears to have been in not sending out, immediately upon the discovery of the fire, a general alarm, for in that event one might reasonably expect water towers and other effective and serviceable apparatus on the scene within ten or fifteen minutes of the giving of the alarm, in place of the half hour which actually elapsed between the discovery of the blaze and the arrival of the necessary apparatus. It was this half hour, aided as it was by a brisk wind, that doomed the western wing of the Parliament buildings.

TORONTO'S LAST BIG FIRE—BURNING OF THE WEST WING OF PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, ENTAILING THE LOSS OF THE LIBRARY.

If blame is to be attached to the firemen it does not lie at the doors of the individual, but with the organization. Who was in error in not sending in a general alarm? If it was the employees of the Parliament buildings themselves, then it must go down in the records that this collection of "gents" have some foreign substance in their brain pans.

The one hope of saving the western wing of the structure was the early use of the water towers, for it was absolutely impossible to fight the fire effectively from the interior, while owing to falling slate from the steep roofs it was equally impossible to direct a stream into the building from an ordinary ladder. As a matter of fact the first of the water towers to arrive was still ambling up University avenue at twenty-five minutes after one o'clock, a little more than a half hour after the first alarm went in. This may not have been the fault of the firemen individually; it probably was not. But whose fault was it? Toronto pays for a fire department effective in all details. The facts are worth digging out, even at the expense of making the negligent ones sweat a bit.

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WHEN is Toronto going to put on long trousers? When is this Queen City of the Dominion to shake the pinafore stage, and incidentally, its provincialism, and act like a man?

Where else on this good green earth would the health of the King and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford be drunk in water?

Now that Beresford the Beloved is beyond our gates, having completed his mission as the guest of the Canadian National Exhibition and of the city of Toronto, it may be as well to frankly discuss this question of water toasts. Admiral Beresford has travelled some. He has enjoyed the hospitality of the world at large. As a middy, as a lieutenant, as a captain and as an admiral he has drunk the health of his Sovereign daily while on board Britain's war ships, for it is the custom of the navy, but never once, I guarantee, has the toast been honored with tap water. If the naval officer is a water drinker, he nevertheless honors his Sovereign by touching to his lips the glass of wine, and if there is no wine then other strong waters do as well.

Of course, the Admiral is too courteous a gentleman, and too appreciative of the honors conferred upon him by the good people of Toronto, to ever breathe a word, but at the same time I would give something to read the man's inmost thoughts upon the question of Toronto's water toasts (patent applied for).

In other sections of the world, far older, and I may even venture to say more civilized, the drinking of a man's health in water would be looked upon as an insult, and many a man in Continental Europe has been "called out" for a far less grave offence. But here in this holy of holies it appears to be the thing to do.

On numerous occasions last week (there is no particular necessity to specify when and where) we stood up in solemn array, glasses of water in hand. We solemnly toasted the King, and just as solemnly toasted "Condor" Charley, sipping water at prescribed intervals. It reminded one of the cheaply staged play, where the hero toasts the woman of his heart with an empty mug. The ceremony in honor of the Admiral was cheap and empty, and it looked the part.

If we are to continue the toast habit then let us conform to the good old custom as set down by our grandfathers and their grandfathers before them, and not set up a cheap imitation which had its birthplace in Toronto. If we cannot by any elasticity of conscience get over the lake water habit for toast purposes, then let's get over the toast habit.

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WE must live and learn. Up to within a comparatively short time I was under the absurd impression that the Department of State at Ottawa had some functions in common with the interests of the people at large. But not so. Are we not told by the officials that preside over this Ottawa Bureau of State, that their business is to grant charters, and incidentally collect the fees, without any regard to the legality of the business involved? At the moment we have in front of us a beautiful example in the granting of the charter to the Metropolitan Racing Association. On the same line of reasoning the Department of State would, of course, grant a charter to the "We Do 'Em All Company, Ltd.," whose chief business in life is promoting faro layouts and roulette games with poker on the side. The Metropolitan Racing Association proposes, I believe, to conduct its business of racing and gambling without a provincial license. Naturally they would do this in the face of the fact that no license would be granted them if applied for. Nor is it necessary that these people should go to the expense and trouble of applying for leave from the Provincial authorities to operate a gambling joint at Dufferin Park. According to the reading of the Provincial law they may be fined $50 per day for conducting business without a Provincial permit, which all means that this small sum daily may be charged up to expenses and paid over by due process of law. It's all so easy when you know how.

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WHETHER or not His Majesty King Edward approves of the land tax features of the Lloyd-George budget is the subject of much interesting discussion. Under no circumstances is it presumed that His Majesty would under existing conditions give even a hint of his views, and we must therefore be content with opinions expressed while His Majesty was still the Prince of Wales. In 1885 the King, then Prince of Wales, was a member of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes of the United Kingdom. In that year a report was prepared, and the Prince along with others appended his signature. This report of twenty-four years ago went on to state:

"At present land available for building in the neighborhood of our populous centres, though its capital value is very great, is probably producing a small yearly return until it is let for building.

"The owners can thus afford to keep their land out of the market and to part with only small quantities, so as to raise the price beyond the natural monopoly price which the land would command by its position. Meanwhile the general expenditure of the town on improvements is increasing the value of their property. If this land was rated at, say, 4 per cent. on its selling value, the owners would have a more direct incentive to part with it to those who are desirous of building, and a twofold advantage would result to the community.

"First, all the valuable property would contribute to the rates, and thus the burden on the occupiers could be diminished by the increase in the rateable property. Secondly, the owners of the building land would be forced to offer their land for sale, and thus their competition with one another would bring down the price of building land and so diminish the tax in the shape of ground rent, or price paid for land which is now levied on urban enterprise by adjacent landowners—a tax, be it remembered, which is no recompense for any industry

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: Landscape.
By J. Hammond, R.C.A.

or expenditure on their part, but is the natural result of the industry and activity of the townspeople themselves." The Commissioners add that they "would recommend that these matters should be included in legislation when the law of rating comes to be dealt with by Parliament."

We have in this document of nearly a quarter century ago the chief points at issue in the Lloyd-George budget, and there is no good reason to believe in the intervening years,—a period in which landlordism has in England made such tremendous strides,—that His Majesty has seen fit to change his mind.

Statistics regarding the immense acreage now owned by the landed gentry in the "Tight Little Isle" are staggering even to Canadians who, with our millions of acres of virgin land, are accustomed to think a square mile of territory, more or less, of trifling account. That England is at present a landlords' paradise is indicated by the fact that 2,500 of them own one-half the land. Probing still deeper for particulars we find that eight members of the House of Lords own in the aggregate no less than 2,356,000 acres. Of this amount the Duke of Sutherland has a modest 1,358,600 acres and the Duke of Richmond 268,500 acres. Of the Duke of Westminster's 30,600 acres, the odd six hundred are located in the heart of London. It is time that David Lloyd-George or some other man equally hard headed and persistent came to the rescue, for the sooner these landlords part with a fair proportion of their acres the sooner will England come into her own.

There is every reason to believe that the tide of public feeling in England has set in against these immense holdings by the elect few.

A matter of a thousand years or so ago an aggressive gentleman called William the Conqueror had prepared under his direction the Doomsday Book. In this fine old volume, still on view in Chancery Lane, it is recorded that William being a great lover of sport laid waste sixty parishes, compelling the inhabitants to migrate to other places in order that he might substitute beasts of the chase for human beings and satisfy his ardor for sport. Landlordism in England is doing much the same thing to-day. There is, however, a change at hand, for a new Doomsday Book is about to be prepared, and this book will have a different meaning.

William the Conqueror was not over scrupulous as to depopulating a district if the presence of man interfered with his pleasure. Now I take it that the Asquith Government will not be over scrupulous in taxing the landlord out of some of his acres in order to satisfy an empty treasury, and incidentally a population which craves the land.

Shades of William! but times are changing some, even if it has taken a thousand years.

⁂

OTHER countries may boast of their highest buildings and their longest bridges and their greatest aeroplanes and even their North Pole discoveries, but Canada has at least one claim to distinction in its greatest annual fair. This honor, for one, is unquestionably ours, the great fair of Nijni-Novgorod notwithstanding. For that is merely a tremendous concourse of traders, and not a fair in anything like our sense of the word. The greatest fair is ours, and it should be a cause of congratulation to all Canadians that the great fair is this year greater than ever, and that an entirely new set of records have been established for it. This has been the salient feature of the thirty-first Exhibition. It has been bigger, much bigger both in attendance and in its display than ever before. Its departments have also been better handled, perhaps; but the standard of excellence in this respect has been so high that any improvement here is necessarily slight. The main thing, however, is that it is bigger, and bigger by a really astonishing growth.

To lay so much stress on mere size, may seem at first sight a case of megalomania, or whatever they call that modern disease which worships brute substance, and has no eye for anything but huge material masses. But in this case to be big means to be efficient, for the whole aim and purpose of a fair is to bring together as many people as possible, in order that they may get acquainted with their country, its resources, and its productions. There is therefore good and sufficient reason for general pride in the record-breaking attendance at the Exhibition. It means that hundreds of thousands of Canadians and also of Americans have been taught in the best possible way what are the resources of this country and also what is being done by our various industries. And that this teaching is being received with the most careful and the most intelligent attention is clear to anyone who has gone through the Exhibition buildings and watched the crowds who group themselves about the various exhibits, and listened to the questions they ask of those in charge. It is clear that they grasp the meaning of such a display, and are resolved to draw from it its fullest advantage. Thus is the Exhibition maintaining its character as a national institution.

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THE cheering news goes forth that if light of complexion you are more liable to be of criminal disposition than if you chance to be a brunette. This, at least, is the conclusion arrived at by Dr. Charles E. Woodruff of the United States army, who contributes an article on the subject to The Medical Record.

All our lives we have pictured the fairy princess with light hair and blue eyes, and the great artists of the earlier centuries nearly always made it the practice of painting their angels blond and blue eyed; while the villain of the drama and the bloody but fascinating pirate who in our younger days made the cold creeps run up and down our spinal columns, was always swarthy of complexion and wore a long, dark beard.

Dr. Woodruff's theory is that the climate of North America has an evil effect upon blonds, and he proves this, at least to his own satisfaction, by the large number of them found in jails and asylums.

"In a visit to Clinton Prison, of New York State, where the worst classes of criminals are confined, and where I expected to see the place full of modern 'black beards,' I was astounded," says Dr. Woodruff, "at the large number of blonds—some of them of very light type. It seemed as though the facts as to the brunetteness of criminals were the reverse of the popular idea on the subject. Through the kindness of the State Superintendent of Prisons, and the prison chaplain, Rev. F. H. Pierce, I was furnished with statistics which confirmed the first impression of the marked blondness of the incorrigible or habitual criminals of this part of the country. . . .

"Taking everything into consideration, it would perhaps be safe to classify them as follows: Light blond, 16; blonds, 116; Light brunettes, 107; Dark brunettes, 41; very dark brunettes, 6."

The same excess of blonds is found by Dr. Woodruff in other prisons and reformatories. Incidentally, he tells us of his conclusion that the thirst for alcohol is merely the expression of a nervous weakness acquired under America's sunny skies, and resulting from excessive stimulation of light as one among a thousand other causes. Some of our practical sociologists would perhaps conclude by declaring that the Government should provide free parasols for the blonds, but Dr. Woodruff makes no such suggestion.

"Of course, complexion of itself has nothing to do with criminality," says Dr. Woodruff, "yet there is a reason for the popular tendency to consider the offender class as brunette, and the upper types as lighter. The southern drift of population in Europe has always caused an overlaying of brunette Southern types, by the bigger, blonder Northerner who have been the world's brainy races for so long a time, and who have been the aristocrats and law makers. The poor peasant, then, always had an overload of lighter complexion than himself. The lady in the castle was blonder than the peasant woman in the hut. Centuries and perhaps thousands of years of these conditions, have had the effect of creating the curious impression that what is above us is blonder than we and that which is beneath us is darker. Art and literature have been at work crystallizing it in painting and poetry."

THE COLONEL.

## Another on Spiritualism.

The Editor, Toronto Saturday Night: My attention has been drawn to this week's issue of your paper containing a letter from J. Murtha criticising an article which appeared under date of August 21st. I have no desire to interject my views into the controversy, and only make this communication because my name has been used and unauthorized statements made in connection with said use. I trust you will be good enough to permit me rather to make corrections so far as I am interested as to matters of fact.

1. I am not now, nor have I ever been, the President of the Toronto Psychic Research Society, which I understand is composed almost wholly of Spiritualists.

2. I am now, and have been since its organization, the President of the Canadian Society for Psychical Research, the only organization of its kind in Canada which is incorporated under a charter from the Ontario Government.

3. If the statement that "the Doctor passed examination under strict test conditions; and was pronounced by the above Society Committee to be an honest psychic for spiritual intelligences," is meant to apply to the society of which I am president, then it should be explained that "the Doctor" is a metaphysical doctor (not medical doctor) and claims to be a medium or psychic when lecturing or addressing his audience. Though "the Doctor" was placed under test conditions both by a private circle—which was made up in part by our members, as well as by our society on two occasions, he was not pronounced by either to be "an honest psychic for spiritual intelligences."

4. The statement that "the man called Doctor is . . . recognized by all the psychic research societies throughout the world" will, I fear, be difficult to substantiate. I am more or less familiar with the records of recent years in both the English society and the American Society for Psychical Research, and I never saw any mention in said records of such recognition.

I have no doubt that J. Murtha meant well, but should be careful when he makes assertions to see to it that they are authorized or that they are absolutely true and demonstrable.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN S. KING, M.D.,
President, C.S.P.R.

Toronto, 4th September, 1909.

## National Madnesses.

ALMOST every nation has had, sometime in its history, a year of mad speculation, with consequent disorganization, frightful losses, and terrible poverty. The French had John Law and the Mississippi bubble, the English the South Sea bubble. It remained for the hard-headed Dutch, however, to develop the strangest speculative mania the world has ever known. This most astonishing of commercial phenomena was the tulip mania of 1643.

In that year (as we are reminded by Harper's Weekly), the staid and prosperous cities of the Low Countries became engaged in a traffic which destroyed their great commerce, which gave, for a few brief months, a drunkard's dream of wealth for all, and ended in scenes of wildest despair. A few were enriched—thousands made poor. Bargains were made for the future delivery of autumn

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "In the Window."
By Clara S. Hagarty, A.R.C.A.

roots, and when it was found that but two or three of that particular species were in the market, houses and lands, warehouses and ships, were sold to make good the deliveries. Contracts were made and thousands of florins paid for tulips which were never seen by broker, by buyer, or by seller. Throughout Holland, high and low had but one thought—tulips; and there was but one trade—the tulip-bulb trade. Merchants did not hesitate to invest their entire fortunes in a single rare tulip bulb, and many a daughter was regarded as richly dowered when she brought to her husband a single root.

Then, of course, the bubble burst, the mania passed, and men who had been wealthy the day before found themselves possessed of a few tulip bulbs worth a few cents each. The most remarkable feature in connection with this mania is that it was not based on any reasonable speculation, as were the Mississippi and South Sea bubbles, or on any material commodity, as was the Merino-sheep folly in the United States.

The sheep bubble had its beginning in the year 1815 or 1816, after the Treaty of Ghent, and at a period when thousands of Americans were actually "wool-mad" in reference to the huge profits to be made, apparently, in manufacturing enterprises.

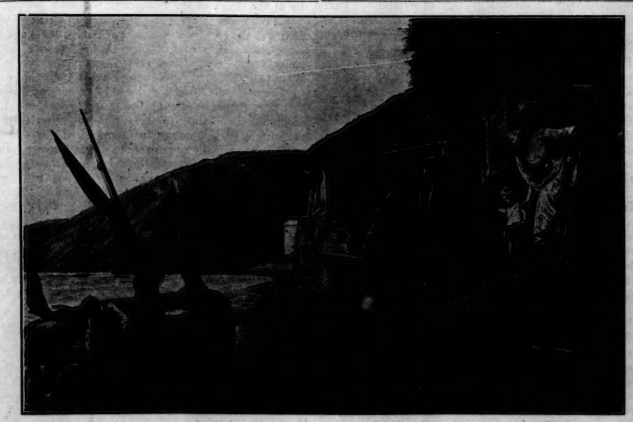
In the summer of 1816 a man in Boston imported from southern Spain a dozen sheep whose wool was said to be of unusually fine texture, and it was contended that the introduction of these sheep into the United States would enable our factories to produce broadcloths and other fine goods of a quality to compete successfully with England and Europe generally.

The first merino sheep, which had been purchased in Andalusia for $1 each, sold for $50 a head. A good speculation was evident, and a small fleet at once set sail for the Mediterranean on a sheep-collecting voyage. By the end of the year there were about 1,000 of the sheep in the United States, and they were selling for $1,200 a head. In the fall of 1817, what was regarded as a very fine buck was sold in Kentucky for $8,000, and in payment for a pair of the sheep built a house that cost at least $15,000

Suddenly the public awoke to its folly—and merino sheep dropped in value, almost in a night, to $20 a head, with a consequent crashing of fortunes.

As a result of his interesting investigations, Dr. Ridgeway concludes that the smelting of iron originated in Central Europe, and especially in the region known as Noricum, equivalent to modern Austria and Bavaria. In Egypt it can be traced back to the ninth century, B.C., and in Libya to about 450 B.C. First mention of its use in China goes back to 400 B.C., while in Uganda it is said to have been in use only some five or six centuries. The above date for the first use of iron in Egypt refers to the metal obtained by smelting. The use of native iron in the form of meteorites dates back to remote antiquity. The weapons made from these were obtained, like flint implements, by chipping. And it is interesting to remember that recent investigations have shown that the iron of many meteorites is a sort of natural steel.

Marcel Prevost, the well-known French novelist, has been elected to the seat in the French Academy made vacant by the death of Sardou. M. Prevost, who is forty-seven, was introduced to the Parisian public nearly twenty years ago by Alexander Dumas *fils*, who in a famous article in The Figaro described him as a master in the art of story-telling. M. Prevost was for some years an engineer in the State tobacco factories. Among his best-known novels are "Confession d'un Amant," "Le Scorpion," "Le Jardin Secret," and "Monsieur et Madame Moloch." His earlier success, "Letters to Francois," was even better liked, and he is now writing more in the style of that production.



In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Welcome Bonnie Boat."
By J. C. Cook, R.A.

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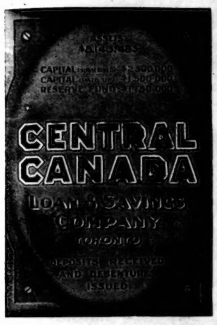




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TWO men whose offices were on the second floor were on the first floor waiting for an elevator.

"You're not looking extra well, Lonsdel," remarked the lawyer.

"No, Rangle," replied the real estate man. "Think I'll join an athletic club. I need the exercise."

"Me, too."

Still they waited for the elevator.

# THE INVESTOR

**TORONTO** **MONTREAL**

MONTREAL, Sept. 9, 1909.

MONTREAL is no place for weak-kneed grafters—not these days, at any rate. Only the fittest can here survive. The sittings of the Royal Commission are going on and the merciless and cold-blooded manner in which charges are being probed and exposures made is intimidating the old-fashioned boodler chap who was so dreadfully afraid of having his sins found out—or rather of having them heralded abroad in the newspapers. But our loyal, home-made, safe-cracking grafter is not of this sort. *He* goes before the Commission with his head up, the while composing what he regards as pleasantries upon the escapades he has been enjoying at the public expense. Perchance he assumes the role of the serious critic and, speaking ostensibly in the interests of the city, ventilates views as to how things should or should not be done; which expression of views is calculated to later result to his own financial advantage. But, if you suppose for one moment that he has any intention of turning aside from his course because Commissions, newspapers or citizens do not like it, be at once undeceived. Not he.

⁂

*Bad Smelling Fish.*

Other people may flee the city because of the fear of the disclosures or admissions they may be forced to make in the witness box. *His* only regret is that while he is being examined he is absent from the City Hall. He reflects that a man can't catch fish that are really fresh and healthy-smelling without being on the fishing grounds; and while he is being detained by this silly and aimless enquiry the other fellows may be filling their baskets or fixing up a scheme to steal his bait. Be not deceived by the evidences of moisture upon his noble brow. It is not the cross fire of questions that makes this fellow sweat, but the fear that something is escaping him over at his Mecca, the City Hall.

⁂

*Police in Thick of It.*—Surfeited with the pages of accusations, admissions, denials, swearings and counter-swearings, Montrealers were likely to become blase. Interest in the procedure before the Commission began to flag somewhat. Something was need to stimulate it, to wake it up and make it holler. It came Friday last. A nice, little boy—age not mentioned—was brought down to court by his mother and related a story which gave us some new thrills. Naming the police, he testified that they had promised him $25 to go before the Commission and give false evidence—presumably against his mother. This he did last May; but as the evidence was given in private it is not known at this moment exactly what was told. It is intimated, however, that it had reference to certain charges made against the Police Department. Apparently the police were being charged with conspiring to besmirch the character of a certain member of the male sex by causing his arrest under, it is presumed, compromising circumstances. In order to establish their innocence of such a foul accusation, it became necessary for them, the police, to obtain further evidence against the accused. And who could give such convincing evidence as the lady's own children?—if they only would. If they wouldn't, what so effective as a judicious distribution of largesse?

⁂

*Promised Twenty-five Bucks.*

So, the largesse was tried—or the promise of it was—and it proved successful. At any rate, that's what the little boy says. The little cuss may be lying, as he was before; but he says that the police took him away one night and promised him twenty-five dollars to go and tell the Commissioners the story he told them last May—whatever that story may have been. Moreover, he says—and it's too bad to have to tell this, but it's part of the story—that the police got his little sister to support him for a quarter of that sum. Herein is another grievance for the suffragettes. To be exact, the little girl was to get six dollars. Whether she actually got the money or not, deponent sayeth not. She was confined to the hospital last Friday so that she was not present to give her story. The little boy, however, is very sore on the policeman. He says that official of law and order refused afterwards, to give him the twenty-five dollars, denying that he had ever promised it and telling him to go hence and be gone. The policeman has not yet given his version of the story to the court; but that it will be different is a foregone conclusion. Probably it will never be known who is the Ananias in most of these cases. The amount of false swearing that has been going on before that Commission is enough to make the author of all lies go and resign his job. But I have been told that there is a nice, little surprise being quietly prepared for some of the guilty ones, and that, after the sittings are over, a deputation of influential, government officials with neat, even rows of buttons down the fronts of their coats will wait upon them and take them for a drive. The destination will be a splendid, large stone building, the inscription over the portals of which I shall not be so indiscreet as to disclose.

⁂

*A Municipal Mess.*

When you come to think of it, it really is a pretty bad state of affairs. Montrealers frequently make the claim that the people here are no worse than anywhere else. In this they are probably quite right. It then becomes a question of environment; because the situation really *does* seem to be worse than in other cities of Canada. But, if we fall back on the peculiarities of environment, the discussion might soon become so animated as to necessitate the intervention of the police. Meantime, we are going to do something to that City Council, we hope, that will pretty nearly lop it off by the roots. It looks, also, as though, at the polls this month, we would adopt a Board of Control, although, how effective it will be, is questionable. The trouble with the council was that we, like the citizens of other cities, had no way of direct control, save by lengthy processes of law, the result being that the civic officials were able to shove things through before we could spare the time to catch them. It looks as though the Board of Control would be equally independent. The council could have been checked by the "re-call," by which it would have been possible to *immediately suspend* such officials as were not carrying out the will of the people. Efforts to have the "re-call" feature attached to the Board of Control were defeated, doubtless for the reason that it was so reasonable and sensible and would leave the real power in the hands of the people. That may seem a funny reason to give, but, under the circumstances, I leave it to you to imagine a better one.

T.C.A.

⁂

TORONTO, SEPT. 9.

THE monetary outlook is all that could be desired. Sir Edward Clouston and other prominent Canadian bankers, express themselves as satisfied that there will be an ample supply of funds at reasonable rates of interest for all legitimate business purposes this autumn. This in spite of the fact that the crops are larger than in former years, and that a greater commercial activity than a year ago is fully assured. That Canadian bankers have no apprehensions on this score will instill increased confidence among the business community. The returns of bank clearances, the traffic reports of our railways, and the receipts from customs, all emphasize very clearly the great expansion in trade and commerce. This means a greater earning capacity for the companies and individuals engaged in financial and mercantile affairs. Basic conditions are sound in Canada. Field crops this year will undoubtedly have a total farm value of $500,000,000. This, with the $400,000,000 of British capital finding its way into Canadian channels during 1908 and 1909, cannot fail to stimulate the industries this autumn. It is said that immigration alone is bringing into the country at least $50,000,000 a year in cash and settlers' effects.

W. M. Aitken, a young Canadian who has worked hard and accumulated a fortune.

⁂

*Dominion Steel.*

There is no increase in the volume of speculative trade in securities. The bulk of the business on 'Change comes from the professional element. The public show little inclination to tackle the market, even though the outlook is so promising. There is a strong undertone, however, in spite of the restricted operations and wide fluctuations on the Wall street market. This may be accounted for by the lack of any large speculative accounts. Many securities that return 5 to 5½ per cent. have been put away by investors, and these are not likely to return to the market while the good times continue. The most prominent security of late has been Dominion Steel and Iron, which has sold at a new high record. The company is in a better position than ever before through the taking up of the 6 per cent. second mortgage bonds with a part of the recently sold $5,000,000 five per cent. consolidated mortgage securities. And not only because of smaller interest payments to be made on its bonds, but also because of the increased output which will be made possible by an expenditure of approximately $2,285,000 for certain plant improvements. This sum is provided for by the bonds mentioned above, and it is believed that with the betterments to be carried out, the production of pig iron and finished steel will be increased fully 50 per cent. For the past three years the net earnings of the corporation have averaged yearly $2,309,283, with $48,507 deducted for depreciations, etc. On completion of the present bond issue, fixed charges, consisting of interest and sinking fund payments on first mortgage bonds and interest on the $5,000,000 consolidated mortgage 5's, will amount to $800,400. This would leave a balance of $1,508,883, from which, after allowing $350,000 for the preferred dividend, there would be $1,158,883 left for surplus, etc. Now that the contingent fund, in connection with the suit against the Dominion Coal Co. is no longer necessary, a larger amount should be applicable each year for the squaring up of the preferred dividends, of which there is still 45½ per cent. due the preferred stockholders. With rising prices of steel, a greater demand and an increased output with decreased productive cost and lower fixed charges, a bright future seems to be assured for the owners of this property.

⁂

*Foreign Exchange Scarce.*

Huge amounts of money have recently been borrowed in London and Paris by the big manipulators on Wall Street. Still the sterling exchange market in New York is not yet bearing witness to the inauguration of any considerable export movement of commodities, nor probably to any very great diminution of the indebtedness for importations, whatever may be the effect later on. The only evidence of large exports from America has been among the Canadian banks across the line, who have been selling their bills against grain shipments, which, of course, only represents the crops of the Canadian Northwest. It is likely to be some time before the United States crop reports make an impression on the New York exchange market. The only source that might have been supplying exchanges in large quantities recently is the cotton crop, and such bills have been conspicuously ab-


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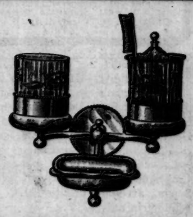

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Tickets and further information may be obtained at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

It will be news to many people that Count Zeppelin fired the first shot of the Franco-German War. This was in the cavalry engagement of Neiderbronn, which opened hostilities in July, 1870, the Count then being a young officer of hussars. The party which he commanded made a sudden and daring raid across the frontier into Alsace, when some valuable information as to the French dispositions was acquired.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "A Song Without Words." By J. Young Hunter.

sent. The outlook for that crop is not of a very encouraging nature, and this accounts for the relatively high prices of the leading staple of the United States.

⁂

*Cement Co.* It has been officially announced that the capital of the Canada Cement Co., as the new cement merger will be known, will be $38,000,000. This will consist of $8,000,000 six per cent. gold bonds, $11,000,000 seven per cent. cumulative preference stock, and $19,000,000 of common stock. Of this there will be issued $5,000,000 bonds, $10,000,000 preference stock, and $12,500,000 common stock. Of the preference stock $5,000,000 is to be offered the public at 93, each four shares of preference stock subscribed to carry a bonus of one share of common. Subscription lists are to be opened from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

⁂

*Heavy Borrowings.* The feeling prevails among foreign banking houses in New York that the London estimate of $400,000,000 for the amount of Wall Street borrowings in the British capital, is about right. It is pointed out that if American bankers had secured such extensive advances in London alone, their total indebtedness to Europe might easily foot up $500,000,000, since a good deal of accommodation has been secured in Paris as well. Most of these loans are in the form of 90-day bills, with the privilege of one renewal, which will make them payable in October and November. Heavy sums have also been borrowed through special loans which mature later in the year.

⁂

*C.P.R.* The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, as regards earnings, both gross and net, are breaking all previous records for that road. For instance, the gross earnings for the months of July and August were $14,156,000, which is a gain of $1,716,000, as compared with the same months of 1908. Some look for still greater increases before the end of the year, owing to the large crop movement in sight. It is evident that, barring unforeseen occurrences, the C.P.R. in the present fiscal year will show gross earnings well over $80,000,000. It seems reasonable to expect, says an exchange, that there will be an increased dividend out of profits from land sales in the near future, possibly at the next dividend meeting. The road holds title directly, or indirectly through its subsidiaries, to 13,268,000 acres of unsold land. These lands are rapidly appreciating in value, and whereas a few years ago they sold at $2 and $3 an acre, in the 1908 fiscal year the sale of these lands average $9.54 per acre, and it is understood that a substantial improvement over this figure was scored during the late fiscal period, the estimated value per acre being $12.50.

⁂

*A Young Millionaire.* The youngest self-made millionaire in Canada is said to be Mr. W. M. Aitken, of Montreal, who at the age of 33 has built up a large fortune through his own efforts. Mr. Aitken's business career began in St. John, N.B., and later he went to Halifax, where he got into touch with the late Mr. Stairs. Mr. Aitken's aptitude for business and his quick grasp of financial problems brought him rapidly to the front. Finding the field in the Maritime Provinces somewhat restricted he went to Montreal two years ago and acquired a controlling interest in the Montreal Trust Co., which he sold to the Royal Bank a short while back. At present he is president of the Royal Securities Co. and a director of several traction and lighting enterprises in Cuba and Porto Rico, concerns owing their success in a great measure to his zeal and ability. Just now he is in charge of the financial plans of the new $30,000,000 Canadian Cement merger, the largest industrial combination ever put through in Canada.

Mr. Aitken works about 14 hours a day, so he wouldn't qualify for any of the unions.

## King Edward at Rugby.

KING EDWARD VII. recently visited Rugby school, declared open the new speech-room, commanded an addition to the boys' "hard-earned holidays," presented prizes, planted a young oak tree in the close, and inspected the members of the officers' training corps of the school. In the course of his reply to the address read by the head of the school, H. J. B. Clough, a grandnephew of the poet, the king said: "Rugby is notable not only for its successes in scholarship, not only for its men of letters, but even more for its high ideals of honor and manliness and public spirit, and all those qualities that make our public schools the finest places of education in the world. These ideals and these qualities, strenuously taught by her great leaders, and handed on as a cherished tradition from generation to generation of her sons, have left the mark of Rugby deep, not only throughout the Islands, but throughout the Empire, and in every part of the world." Rugby, probably the most famous of boys' schools, is by no means a democratic institution. Its fees are so large that only the children of the very well-to-do people can participate in its eminent advantages.

## Unique National Undertakings.

WHILE Holland is preparing to drain its big inland sea, the Zuyder Zee, Russia has a project of sacrificing land in order to raise the surface level of another land-locked sea, that of Azoff.

On its shores are the ports of Taganrog, Rostoff and Berdiansk, which play the most important part in the South Russian grain export trade, but are much hampered by the shallowness of the sea. Now it is proposed to dam up the strait of Kertch, which is the only outlet of the Sea of Azoff into the Black Sea. The thirty thousand million tons of water which at present flows through the strait would quickly raise the level several feet.

The cost of building the dam, which is to be two miles long, is estimated at $7,500,000, in addition to which $3,000,000 would have to be paid as compensation to owners of flooded land. Communication between the two seas would be established by means of locks. The scheme is not a new one. The original project was drawn up many years ago by the chemist, Dmitri Mendelyeff, but the sanction of the Russian Ministry of Communications has at last been obtained for it and it only needs now to be passed upon by the Duma.

## Unfavorable Things in Great Britain.

W. T. STEAD asked the members of the Imperial Press Conference what impressed them most unfavorably in Great Britain. Their replies are published in The Review of Reviews. The replies are grouped under the countries represented by the writers:

NORTH AMERICA:

1. The extent of great wealth and luxury, and great want.
2. The people in the poorer quarters of the manufacturing districts.
3. The unemployed.
4. The poverty and drunkenness of certain sections of the people.
5. Women drinking in the saloons.

SOUTH AFRICA:

1. The growth of luxury in upper and middle classes. It cannot fail to have a deteriorating influence on the nation.
2. The preponderance of women, and the foreign goods consumed.
3. The outcasts on the Embankment, and the squalid poverty of your great cities.

AUSTRALIA:

1. The number of foreign waiters in the hotels and the habit of smoking at meals in the presence of ladies.
2. The croakers.
3. The Submerged Tenth.
4. The excess of luxury with the rich; the extreme hardships of the poor.
5. The great gulf between the very rich and the very poor.
6. The poorest of its poor evidently a type slowly evolved through many generations—for which no fiscal system is entirely responsible, or is able to lift out of its apparent wretchedness. I should say that any remedy must be slow in its operation.
7. The large number of paupers and the unemployed.
8. Sweating, child labor, drinking (especially women drinking in hotels).

NEW ZEALAND:

1. The overcrowding in the cities, their smoke-begrimed appearance, and the dirt and squalor amidst which the people are content to live.
2. The confessed inability of rich England to cope with its Submerged Tenth problem.
3. Socially the sight that impressed me most unfavorably was a vast crowd of women and children, who lived in a narrow street in Sheffield, to witness the arrival of the Press Delegates at a certain factory there. Their appearance was to me pathetic. And I should bracket with this the growing evil of ladies smoking in the dining-rooms of hotels and in private houses. This is repugnant to a Colonial.

INDIA:

1. The want of a spirit of service in the lower and the middle classes.
2. The growth of Socialistic ideas.
3. The physical condition of certain classes of labor.

Charles Champoiseau, who has died at nearly eighty years of age, owed his fame to the finding of a single statue, commonly known in its reproduction as the "Winged Victory," but one of the two or three most beautiful in the world. It was he who, in 1863, discovered the "Victory of Samothrace," which rivals the "Venus di Milo" as the jewel of the Louvre sculpture galleries. M. Champoiseau was French Consul in the Levant when he was sent to excavate in the Isle of Samothrace. The wonderful winged figure and the gallery prow on which she is poised were found in 120 fragments—not at once, but bit by bit. The excavation lasted several years, and the pieces were brought in different lots to France. The reconstruction of the fragments was a long task, which was admirably done. The head, the arms, and a great part of the wings are missing, and there is no hope now of recovering them, but the movement of the incomplete figure is a marvel, and Champoiseau's find ranks with the greatest antiques extant.

At the Wood River refinery, near Alton, Illinois, preparations are nearly complete for turning out the latest addition to the products of the petroleum field. The new product will be known as petrol butter." It is said to be of the same consistency as lacteal butter, but brown in color. It lasts a great deal longer than real butter, it is said, and does not become rancid.

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| $15.25 | Boston | $13.35 |
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**July 14 and 28, Aug. 10 and 26, Sept. 14**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| $15.25 | Boston | $13.35 |
| 15.25 | South Framingham | 13.35 |
| 15.25 | Worcester | 13.35 |
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# NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 8, 1909.

THE political situation" has undergone no external changes during the past fortnight. We are still at sea in regard to candidates, and the attitude of the various organizations, which may be reckoned as factors in the coming mayoralty campaign, is still irritatingly uncertain. The equivocal position of the Committee of One Hundred, organized to deliver us (politically) from the powers of darkness, is particularly disconcerting. From them we looked for a bold, aggressive attack on the enemy's flank, centre and rear. Instead their harmlessness is becoming daily more obvious. And Tammany, far from being alarmed, seems to be watching their efforts with an expression of amused cynicism.

The Republicans took what seemed at first sight a bold stand the other night, when through its executive a resolution was adopted advocating fusion against Tammany Hall and fixing the date of their convention a week in advance of that named by the democrats for theirs. Here is the resolution:—

"Resolved, that the Executive Committee of the Republican Party of the City of New York believes that it voices the sentiment of the greater city in declaring as it hereby does, that the duty of the party in the coming election is to assist in ridding the city of Tammany misrule; that co-operation of all bodies opposed to Tammany Hall should be effected and that candidates should be presented whose election will secure for the city all the advantages of honest, businesslike, and progressive municipal government."

The Democratic Union, made up of anti-Tammany Democrats, retorts that the Republican idea of "fusion" is a Republican ticket, endorsed by all other political organizations opposed to Tammany. This idea of fusion is for obvious reasons not particularly acceptable to Independent Democrats who are otherwise prepared to support a fusion movement. Fusion, they say, should be something more than a change from Tammany to Republican rule. Philadelphia, for instance, goes a long way to prove that Republican rule can be even more corrupt than Tammany. These same Democrats are also irritated over the fact that the Committee of One Hundred has, with the exception of Judge Gaynor, considered only Republican names, so far.

Our almost forgotten friends of Independence League fame have with characteristic political cupidity turned up to see what the situation has in store for them. They are ready to fuse, they say, if the terms are made attractive enough. Just what the strength of this organization now is, is highly problematical, but their leader is evidently the same old brigand. One condition, it is said, is the placing of Clarence J. Shearn, Mr. Hearst's personal counsel, on the ticket for District Attorney.. The League meeting though small in numbers lacked none of those demonstrative qualities that have distinguished it in the past. They were even ready to acclaim their leader for mayor, but any such suggestions Mr. Hearst waved deprecatingly aside.

* * *

DISTRICT ATTORNEY JEROME, is the only certainty before us. He has definitely announced himself a candidate for re-election, and the sequel to the self-imposed "heckling," when he ventured an account of his stewardship before a Cooper Union audience, a few weeks ago, is out. He will follow the same course as in his last election, seeking nomination by petition, and leaving it to the parties to support him or not as they choose. From present indications he is likely to have as hard a road to travel as four years ago, with this disadvantage, it must be admitted, that in the last campaign he enjoyed fuller measure of public confidence than he can now lay claim to. In influencing demagogic passions against him, his enemies have not scrupled to attack his personal integrity. Jerome as a campaigner, however, is without a peer in these parts—unless it be Governor Hughes—and it is safe to say that whatever the outcome he will keep his opponents busy.

* * *

THE sudden turning of the limelight of publicity on the doings of the Mahatma Institute, of which the notorious Mme. Diss Debar is the presiding genius, exposes a degree of credulity that an outsider would hardly suspect of this oversophisticated, godless, notoriously sceptical and mistrustful community. Astuteness in material things, however, would seem to work inversely in the spiritual universe. For the fact of the matter is that New York is the home of charlatanism, and a veritable gold mine for religious fakirs and dealers in the occult of all kinds. Nor is their influence confined to any one class it would seem. Leaders of the Four Hundred are said to have surreptitiously consulted the queen of the Flying Rollers, and no less prominent a financier than F. A. Heinze is said to have won from her the opinion that he is a reincarnation of Moses.

Mme. Debar's specialty, as you have probably seen, is Vibrations, and "vibratory" treatment may be either absent or in *propria persona*, as her distinguished and more highly refined contemporary, Mrs. Eddy, might say. These vibratory powers are boundless, it appears. With one wave of her arm, were she so disposed, she could bring Manhattan's sky-scrapers tumbling about the heads of luckless pedestrians. Vibration, we are told, brought down the walls of Jericho, and the scripture narrative is vindicated at last. Vibration will also save her ally Moses II. from the sentence hanging over him. It will also save the Mahatmas when the world comes to an end, as she predicts, in 1917. Having learned the trick her followers will vibrate with the world and escape destruction. In common with some of her distinguished religious contemporaries Mme. Debar has discovered the secret of immortality, which, like her contemporaries again, she will reveal for a consideration.

As "A-Diva Veed-Ya," Mme. Diss Debar has been quietly working the New York public for a year. As Veed-Ya she escaped public attention, but as Diss Debar she has figured too prominently and too recently in the annals of crime, here and abroad, to be ignored. The discovery of the indentity of the two is the cause of the present notoriety. Mme. Debar's record of crime dates back to 1888, when she made a dupe of Luther Marsh, one of New York's best known and highly respected lawyers, but just then entering upon senile decay. For this "spirit picture" swindle as it was known she served a six months' term on Blackwell's Island. Various crimes and prison terms followed, until she finally landed in an English prison, along with her husband, on a heinous charge against young girls. Many of the disclosures in that trial were unfit for print, and while the husband is still completing his term, the wife, white robed, bejewelled and fat, in an atmosphere stifling with incense, sits on a home-made throne in the Temple of the Mahatmas. Ungainly, commonplace in every feature, and illiterate, her personality is apparently still strong enough to impress itself and make dupes of men through the silliest incantation ever invented for their spiritual subjugation. The household consists of herself, a comely blonde, a young man David, who serves as her cupbearer, and a couple of teachers.

Prior to coming to England, where their careers ended so disastrously for them, they had set up shop in Cape Town, where as Madam Swama Viva Ananda, a reincarnation of Mme. Blavatsky, the resourceful lady advertised herself as "a qualified lady doctor, who believing the spirit greater than the body, has laid aside all medicines and trusts to faith and the power of the spirit to cure her patients." While professing that contributions are entirely voluntary—has that a familiar sound?—instruction at the Mahatmas is said to cost twenty dollars per or four hundred dollars for full tuition. The old woman is no "piker" at least. I may be misinformed of course on this point—sources of information in such matters are notoriously unreliable, as I may take occasion to remind my good friend, Mr. Jackson, in passing.

Not only does Mme. Debar claim the astral body of Mme. Blavatsky, but she also claims to be the daughter of King Louis of Bavaria. Besides the circumstantial evidence against a royal descent, there is abundant proof that she is the lawful offspring of very unromantic parents by name Salomon who lived in Louisville, Ky., at the time she was born.

* * *

THE esoteric artist of affinity fame has succeeded in getting into the limelight once more. When last we heard of him he was administering corporal punishment to the refractory affinity. Since then, it now develops, he has discovered another, this time his true soul mate or "mental mate" as he now defines it. At present they twain are travelling abroad incognito, as brother and sister. In his absence his friend and fellow "untrammeled thinker," Editor Herts, explains their relations very minutely. "Earle and Miss Dunn are merely soul mates and nothing more....Earle held marriage at first as a great ideal, but that ideal has been shattered and now he has done nothing more than to find a better and bigger substitute for marriage....I regard Miss Dunn and Mr. Earle as two of the most perfect idealists I have ever met, and I am sure that the world at large cannot but come to my viewpoint."

In view of the foregoing it may be advisable to take Mr. Ferdinand Pinney Earle more seriously. Perhaps if he had a sense of humor we might.

* * *

OF the new batch of plays presented in the last fortnight, a very few have proved of genuine interest. "The Dollar Mark," George Broadhurst's latest play, is not of these. Neither is Mr. Channing Pollock's "Such a Little Queen," in spite of the delightful acting of Miss Elsie Ferguson in the title role. We are growing weary of unscrupulous millionaires, while Mr. Pollock's picture of royalty struggling along in a Harlem flat, cooking its own chops in coronation robes and pushing a carpet sweeper before it, never rose above the amiable sweetness of its title. "Is Matrimony a Failure," in addition to being a capital farce, is acted with unusual distinction. In the hands of a less perfect cast its success would by no means be as complete.

"Arsene Lupin," whose adventures have been before us for some time, is the theatrical event to date. It makes a gripping, thrilling play, that sets one's nerves tingling and keeps one in suspense through scene after scene.

"The Flag Lieutenant" ("lootenant" they call it here for some reason) may not prove as popular here as in London, where it ran 350 nights, for the very sufficient reason that much of the response will be found in the veins. Even at that it is an excellent story of love and adventure admirably told, while the background of the action, the navy, is always interesting and stirring. The final scene on the quarter deck, the ceremony of lowering the flag at sundown, is calculated to rouse every Britisher to a fine pitch of enthusiasm. In Canada "The Flag Lieutenant" will be as popular as in London, not only because it is a jolly good play, but because of the very welcome bit of patriotic sentiment.

Mr. Bruce McRae makes the very best kind of a hero.

This coming week we are to have "The Melting Pot," by Israel Zangwill; "An American Widow," by Kellett Chambers; "The Dollar Princess," a musical comedy; and "The Revellers," by Charles Richman.

J. E. W.

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The latest of King Leopold's whims, practically completed, is a private railway leading from the Brussels suburban station of Laeken to the palace, about a mile away. This railway, altogether hidden from sight, is luxuriously appointed; from it his Majesty steps into a lift which conveys him direct to his apartments. The railway, tunnel, etc., cost in all some six million francs (£240,000).

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "The Corn is in the Shock."
By Elisabeth A. McG. Knowles, A.R.C.A.

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# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Ruth Hamilton Fuller, daughter of Mr. Valancey Fuller, and grand-daughter of the late Bishop Fuller, and Mr. Richard Walsh, of Kingswood, Flondalkin, Co. Ireland, took place privately on Monday, in the presence of the bride's mother and brother, Mr. Edward Fuller, and Mr. Fleming who came to Toronto to act as best man. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, 119 St. George streeet, when Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone had opened their beautiful new home in honor of as handsome a bride and as happy a bridegroom as this month of orange blossoms has seen. Miss Fuller wore a gown of soft white satin, panelled in the front by three-strand braids of satin and enriched with some fine old Irish lace, the gift of old country relatives. The half sleeves were of folded tucks with tight undersleeves of net and guimpe, with Dutch cut collarless effect. The veil of tulle worn off the face and the chaplet of orange blossoms were those which had been worn by the bride's mother on her wedding day, and the resemblance between mother and daughter confirms the memory of those who say Mrs. Fuller was one of the handsomest brides of her time. The bouquet was of lily of the valley with sashes of soft white ribbon knotted with sprays of deutsia. Mrs. Fuller received in the art gallery, and after the small company had offered congratulations, the bridal group were photographed under "the shade of the old apple tree," as the song has it, which apple tree has also shaded the happy bridal parties of two former occupants of the home, the Misses McArthur. The dejeuner was set in the dining-room on a table centred with white asters and ferns, and various brilliant clumps of bloom were artistically arranged in precious art bowls and vases about the rooms and entrance hall. Mr. Johnston proposed the health of the happy pair and made an ideal speech, with the quaint humor and aptness of an original and clever mind. Mr. Walsh responded briefly, and Mr. Ewart Osborne proposed "the ladies," as there were no bridesmaids, but many women friends of the bride ready to attend her slightest wish. Then Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, stormed by confetti and silver horse-shoes, and entangled in colored "chasers" thrown by the jolly party, left for their honeymoon down the St. Lawrence, the bride travelling in a deep blue suit and large black hat wreathed with roses. Almost all the guests drove or motored with them to the boat, where they bid them *bon voyage* with fervor, and threw the lucky white shoes filled with luck pennies up to the topmost deck of the huge steamer at the feet of the handsome pair as they laughingly waved their farewells. A superb day gave the last touch to what was in all respects a happy event. The bridal gifts were beautiful and rare, largely personal presents to the bride, as Mr. Walsh has a fine home ready for his wife with every plenishing and luxury. Some of the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, Mr. Harold Suydam. Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Burritt, Mrs. Andrew Smith, Mrs. and Miss Crombie, of Ottawa; Mr. and Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston, Miss Dickson, the Misses Coxwell, Mr. and Mrs. Sharkey, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Wright, Miss Cassie Merritt, and a few others.

MISS RUTH HAMILTON FULLER.

MR. RICHARD WALSH.

The engagement of Miss Lily Ellis, daughter of the late James E. Ellis and Dr. F. Wilson, superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, at Cobourg, is announced. Their marriage will take place in October.

Mr. Walter Nicholls, Mr. Harold Franks and Mr. Donald Bremner of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, returned last week to town after a trip to New York in a motor boat.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Somers, Mr. W. Morgan, Mr. J. A. Gibson, Mr. W. M. Whitehead, Mr. Gordon T. Finch, Mr. J. B. Warde, Miss J. Smith and Messrs. Ryrie are recently registered at the Royal Muskoka.

The marriage of Miss Heloise Keating and Mr. Francis Paget Macklem takes place to-day in St. George's Church at half past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 99 Elm Avenue, the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Keating, parents of the bride.

Mrs. Skey of Chatham, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Percy Scholfield. Mr. Scholfield's fine house in the north end is advancing toward to completion.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunbar of Ottawa have been spending a week in Toronto, accompained by their two sons. On Monday evening Mrs. G. H. Duggan gave an informal dinner in their honor, at which Mrs. Paget, another Ottawa visitor in town was one of the guests. Mrs. Paget has recently published some interesting literature about the Indians of the North-west. She has had thrilling personal experiences and knows her subject thoroughly. I heard that she was once a captive in Indian custody, and that she speaks two or three Indian dialects. Mrs. Paget was born McLean and is a delightful and attractive little lady.

The garden party and bazaar in aid of the Home for Incurable Children will be held in the grounds of the Home, Bloor Street East, next Wednesday afternoon, from three to ten o'clock. The 48th Highlanders' Band will play from 7.30 to the close of the affair, and there will be illuminations and entertainments for young people, with dainty refreshments. Everyone who has a warm heart toward the afflicted little ones in this excellent home should combine to make a success of the party, for the proceeds are to be devoted to reducing the small mortgage now upon the building. Should the weather be unfavorable on Wednesday, the ladies interested in getting up the function will hold it on Thursday.

The marriage of Miss Delphine Sylvester, second daughter of Dr. G. P. Sylvester, and Mr. Edgeworth Ussher Reid of Shanghai, China, will take place in St. Paul's Church, Bloor Street East, next Tuesday afternoon at half past three. No formal invitations have been issued to the ceremony, but no doubt many friends of the little bride will assemble to witness the happy event, and to send hearty if regretful wishes after her. China is a long way off, and Toronto relatives and friends will sadly miss the bright and winsome little lady who will take her departure for that distant land.

Colonel Septimus Denison returned from Muskoka on Saturday. Mrs. and the Misses Denison got home a day or two since. The family will take up residence in St. Joseph Street, where Colonel Denison has rented a furnished house.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Victor Smith have returned to the city after a four months' sketching tour in England and Belgium.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Glass are at the Queens. Mr. Glass, who is the Quebec President of the Life Underwriters' Association in session recently in Toronto was here to attend the Convention.

Miss Ethel Price of Rusholme Road has gone to Chicago. Mrs. Mullen and Mr. Harry Mullen have returned to Chicago.

Captain Harold Lumb has been spending a week in Toronto.

Mr. Frank Matthews of Winnipeg has been down on a visit to his people. Miss Helen Matthews is returning to New York to continue her hospital course of training.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy and Miss Marjorie MacMurchy have returned from the West Coast.

Mr. E. Frank Lynn of Lourenco Marques, East Africa, is on his way home to Canada.

Among the passengers who arrived in New York by the S.S. Lusitania, September 2, was Mr. W. J. Thorold, editor and proprietor of The Canadian Mail, of London, England, who is making a trip through Canada for the purpose of gathering news and information about Canadian industries and enterprises—especially those desirous of interesting British capital. Mr. Thorold is also a director of The Canadian and General Securities Corporation, Limited, of 8 Princes street, London, E.C. While in Canada his address will be—care the Mathews Steamship Company, Board of Trade Building, Toronto.

Mrs. Charles O'Reilly is home from her summer sojourn by the sea, and Dr. Brefney O'Reilly returned from Ireland last week, after a pleasant visit to relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. Aubrey McElhinney who have been visiting Mrs. Ferguson, 404 Manning Avenue have left Toronto, the former returning to Ottawa and the latter going to Pine Grove, Cavan, for a short visit.

Miss Mumford of Montreal is visiting her step-sister, Mrs. G. H. Duggan, 536 Huron Street.

Mrs. S. L. Fear, of Amherstburg, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace Mason, in Spadina avenue.


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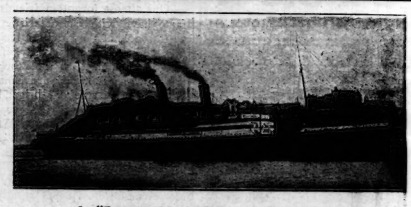

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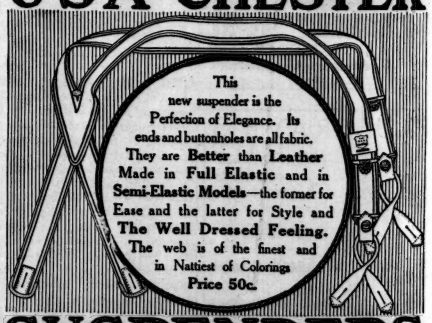


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# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

RUDYARD KIPLING'S career has been a peculiar one. Although only about forty-four he has been famous for nearly twenty years. About twelve or fifteen years ago he was at the height of his popularity. Everywhere all kinds of people, especially young, full-blooded people of British birth or British descent, read his stirring soldier and sailor ballads with both a grin and a thrill. And other people, more thoughtful and discriminating, read his jungle stories and other tales with delight. Soon Mr. Kipling became prosperous and less prolific. That could not have mattered, but he became less spirited and less artistic as well, which seemed altogether too bad. For years he gave the world only an occasional flash of his old-time genius. His articles on the Boer war were second-rate or third-rate as newspaper correspondence. Since then he has written a novel or two which may be fairly ranked with the best of his earlier work. But his output during the past three or four years, consisting chiefly of allegorical tales and occasional poems, has not been in any way remarkable. Mr. Kipling has become still more prosperous, for he bargains well with publishers and syndicates, and is a shrewd investor as well; and, like most prosperous people in England, he has adopted the attitude of the squire, the aristocrat, the land-owner. Were he a humorist or a philosophical writer of a different type the circumstances of increased comfort in which he finds himself might add richness and mellowness to his writing as time goes on. But Kipling is not that kind of a writer. Certain critics say that Kipling is not an artist. Perhaps they mean that he is not the sort of artist that develops, being a phenomenon rather than a legitimate performer, as it were, on the literary stage. His first appearance was made as a star—a brilliant star, but one that has waned.

Sometimes the greatest of literary critics—Andrew Lang for example—try our patience when they calmly and authoritatively opine that the work of some tremendously popular writer is without lasting qualities. We are apt to mutter that such a critic is old-fashioned, prejudiced, hypercritical, withholding praise from everything unconventional. And yet the greatest writers—all the greatest of artists—are after all essentially conventional, if one may be permitted to broaden the meaning of this word somewhat beyond its accepted definition. Dignity and reverence are two qualities which mark the work of all great artists, and these are, speaking broadly, conventional qualities, for art is based on the old feelings, old fragrances, and old devotions to which the human family clings and will always cling. And naturally the true artist as he grows older and wiser, simpler and more finished, gets closer and closer to these vital things. Mr. Kipling is absolutely unconventional, and as he grows older his writings are neither simpler nor mellower, but are marked merely by an added complexity of symbolism and a new touch of smugness.

Kipling has written some verse that has stirred every reader with real blood in his body. But, after all, how many people read his poems now? As a short-story writer he has been marvelously effective, and of late the question has often been asked—Why doesn't Kipling write some more stories? Well, he has done so. He begins in the current issue of an American magazine, Harper's a two-part story, "The House Surgeon," which turns upon a supernatural motive, and for another he has prepared a series of five stories which he has entitled "A Doctor of Medicine," "The Wrong Thing," "St. Wilfrid," "Cold Iron" and "Gloriana."

I venture the guess, however, that these stories will furnish additional proof that Kipling is—or was—a phenomenon. Phenomenona shine brilliantly for a time, but they do not grow, neither are they immortalized.

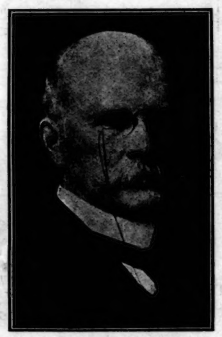
* * *

IF you want to read a story that is as thrilling and frankly, wildly impossible as a Nick Carter yarn, but one which is published in a nicely-bound, important-looking book, get "Elusive Isabel," by Jacques Futrelle, published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. It is about the best dollar-and-a-quarter dime novel of the moment. Mr. Futrelle is a smart young man who used to be a champion operator of typewriters. He was shrewd enough to see that there was more money to be made by composing matter than transcribing it, and he probably figured it out that as he was an expert at one sort of writing he ought to be successful in a kindred trade. He is. He can write more novels in a year than some of the old-timers can in a decade, and they're "live stuff" too. "Elusive Isabel" is simply electric with excitement—every paragraph a thriller, every chapter a series of stirring incidents that make one's heart go pit-a-pa... Isabel the elusive is a secret agent of a foreign government who is at Washington bringing to a head a plot by which the Latin countries of the world are to wipe out the English-speaking nations. Isabel is a wonder, but so is Mr. Grimm, the marvellously astute and courageous secret service man who blocks this terrific scheme. Splendidly too does Mr. Futrelle play to his special constituency—the people who buy and relish high-priced dime novels—when he mixes up the transcendentally clever adventuress and the superhumanly clever Mr. Grimm in a nice sobby love affair at the end of the story.

* * *

When "The Bride of the Mistletoe," by James Lane Allen, was commented upon recently in these columns, it was remarked that most people would consider it nonsense. A good many American critics, somewhat to one's surprise, have this opinion of it, too. Whatever meaning it has is nasty, and The Springfield Republican calls it "sensual and disgusting," and then continues:

"As the deductions are drawn it can only be classed as a morbid bit



JAMES LANE ALLEN,
Whose latest story, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," is being pretty generally "roasted".

of philosophical pathology, a discussion of a phase of Nature for better left unilluminated except in the library of the physician or the study of the social moralist. Beyond a doubt the truth is there, no one will dispute it. But from the way in which Mr. Allen has brought out his point, by the lingering delight with which he clings to passionate forms of expression, his thesis that man is innately polygamous, that his physical desires outlive those of the opposite sex and that men often marry solely for the physical companionship is far more morbidly revolting than convincing."

"The Bride of the Mistletoe," exclaims Mr. Edgett in the Boston Transcript, "is not poetry nor is it sensible prose. It is merely an unending series of words, words, words."

* * *

Dickens, it is said, possessed a certain fondness for talkative, inactive people, and it appears that he had his father in mind when he evolved the character of Micawber. Forster's biography shows that the novelist was always greatly amused by his father's letters. For example: "Dickens wrote, in December, 1847: 'I have a letter from my father' (May, 1841) 'lamenting the fine weather, invoking congenial tempests, and informing me that it will not be possible for him to stay more than another year in Devonshire, as he must proceed to Paris to consolidate Augustus's French.' 'There has arrived,' he writes from the Peschiere in September, 1844, 'a characteristic letter for Kate from my father. He dates it Manchester, and says he has reason to believe that he will *be in town with the pheasants*, on or about the first of October.'"

* * *

Maurice Hewlett, the English writer, recently said to a journalistic interviewer:

"My new book, 'Rest Harrow,' is a story of modern life. I sometimes wonder if I will ever write anything but modern stories again. I seldom take steps backward, but to say what you will do or what you will not do is absolutely absurd, for no one knows. With my mind fully made up to the fact that I shall continue to write modern stories I may be so very strongly impelled to take up the mediæval again that I cannot help myself.

"It is true in a sense, perhaps, that the mediæval field is not so crowded, but one of the most salient facts in art is that there can be no rivalry in it. Each man makes his place, his own place, and no man can fill it or take it away.

"Others may write modern romance, but no one can write my particular modern romance, for that is a part of me, a bit of my personality which is absolutely beyond the power of another to parallel. Character is the whole thing in art. It is what a man makes of himself that counts in his work, and as no man exactly duplicates another's experiences, so no man can do another man's work for him.

"What a man builds he possesses. The one thing that he has at his absolute disposal is that quality he has gained by living. You can't take it away from him. You cannot borrow it or steal it.

"I have a friend, Henry Newboldt, who has written some charming things, and we have most animated discussions along this line. He honestly believes and shows his creed in his work that the man and woman of the Middle Ages were no different from the man and woman of to-day. He claims that they acted the same, thought the same and were fundamentally and essentially similar.

"I do not agree with him at all, as you have gathered from my books. I want you to remember just one thing and that alone will show how different their mode of thought must have been. I refer to their familiarity with death, which is a point of view absolutely unknown to us.

"They could not open a door, they could scarcely walk along a street without seeing a dead body. A man separated from his friend and in half an hour one or the other dies in a tavern brawl, stabbed in a dusky street, in a brawl defending perhaps a woman's honor. Don't you see what a difference that must have made? Life must have been lived quicker, the vital element was nearer the surface.

"Then take the religious influence. They had the fear of the future before them then. They had Christianity which we haven't; we have only churches. They lived surrounded by mysteries and governed by them. We claim to have swept them all aside. Whether we have or not life is not apparently controlled as it was at that time by the belief in them.

"If you have ever lived in a mediæval town as I have, and there is one in my mind as I am talking, a strange little Spanish place, you will have noted the sanitary conditions, or rather the lack of them. If they are so horrible to-day, consider what they must have been then and how the public health, morals and manners would of course be affected.

"You look at the row of pictures of Queen Elizabeth in the Wallace collection and remember that with those wonderful garments covered with pearls and other precious stones she undoubtedly had finger nails that would not stand the inspection of the most middle class woman of to-day who would note them with disgust. Do you think a Queen like that had any real affinity to the super-refined feminine being of our time to whom the luxuries of the toilette are an obsession? These are only a few differences, there are many others equally salient."

Then Mr. Hewlett gives some interesting data in regard to his method of work, saying:

"It is quite true that I have an interesting collection of mediæval literature and a few, very few, rare books. I have never attempted to make a real collection. That would be necessary, perhaps, if I tried to steep myself in romance of the Middle Ages, get into the atmosphere is the stock expression, I believe, but I do not.

"I will not say that I work by inspiration, for I think that is a very foolish, unmeaning word, and I have no patience with the uses to which it is put or the abuses it suffers. I have written my books as I have because at the time of working at them I loved the spirit of those ages so much that I naturally infused it into them. I could not help myself. You can't explain why you do a thing or why you don't do it, that is satisfactorily. You can employ words, but they leave you in the dark.

"An artist goes through a country twenty times and suddenly he sees a picture there and paints it, that is all. It sounds simple, but can you tell why he did not see the picture the first time or, finally seeing it, why he must throw aside all the remainder of his work and paint that? I can't. It all belongs to the intricacies of mood which are beyond the ken of wisdom.

* * *

It is stated that Mr. William de Morgan's new novel, "It Never Can Happen Again," concerns the love of one Blind Jim for his little daughter Lizaranne, also the doings of Titus Scroop, afterward Sir Titus Scroop, novelist; of Marianne, his wife, and of Julia Ackroyd, daughter of a wealthy baronet who has become obsessed by the feudal system.

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*Where is it that one may buy*
*All the olden golden gleams?*
*Where are pedlar folk that cry*
*As they barter Stuff o' Dreams?*

Spinner, can you wind a thread
Of the morning's gray and red?
Will your wheel hum round and whirr
With the misty gossamer
That drifts on the laughing breeze
Sent us from the seven seas?

Weaver, can your heavy loom
Weave a fabric of perfume,
Mingle warp and woof with all
Of the visions we recall,
Fresh and fair and filmy fine
In a magical design?

Merchant, have you stuffs to sell
Like the chiming of a bell,
Woven opalescent mist,
Tangled gold and amethyst,
Coloring that swirls and sways—
Dawns and dusks of Yesterdays?

Empty handed from the quest
North and South and East and West—
Empty-handed we return,
Grieving that we may not learn
Where in all the world to buy
Stuff o' Dreams. And now we sigh.

Ho, the Stuff o' Dreams we had
Made the whole world sweet and glad,
Shuttled sunglints through the rain,
Coaxed brave pageants up the lane,
Brought the fairies to the wood
And made all things wondrous good.

*Where is all the Stuff o' Dreams?*
*Much we had but yesterday.*
*Only children now, it seems,*
*Toss the fabric in their play!*

—Chicago Evening Post.

## Graphic Art at the Exhibition.

IN the Applied Art Building, the Graphic Art exhibit, under the auspices of the Graphic Arts Club, of Toronto, is attracting much favorable attention. In addition to the works of local illustrators, which are more numerous and better in quality than ever before, several prominent American artists are represented. Among these may be found Charles Dana Gibson, with two clever and characteristic humorous drawings in pen and ink; Frederick Remington, with a large oil-painting entitled "The Herd Boy"; A. B. Frost, with two of his quaint representations of rural life in America; Miss Jessie Wilcox Smith, with three altogether charming pictures of child life; Maxfield Parrish, with two cover-designs which are marvels of finish; W. T. Smedley, with three illustrations, excellent in drawing and tone, and Edward Penfield, with two characteristic designs. Leon Guipon and F. X. Leyendecker are also represented.

In addition to these, the G. A. C. has been fortunate in obtaining a loan collection of illustrations by Mr. Frank Craig, the famous English painter and illustrator, which rank with the finest work ever exhibited in this country.

Among the Canadian artists, the work of Mr. F. S. Coburn, a Canadian, now in Boston, presents, with fine insight and excellent technique, typical episodes of Canadian life. The numerous drawings by Mr. C. W. Jefferys, chiefly historical in character, are also of great merit.

Another interesting feature is a small collection of works by the late Henri Julien, of Montreal, an artist who, for many years, held the premier place as an interpreter of French-Canadian life.

Among the many other local exhibitors, Miss Estelle Kerr, Messrs. J. W. Beatty, F. S. Challener, Fergus Kyle, J. D. Kelley, A. G. C. Lepine, T. O. Marten, J. E. Sampson, W. J. Thompson, T. G. Greene, A. H. Robson, I. R. Lewis, R. E. Johnston, R. A. Stewart, F. H. Johnston, H. B. Jackson, H. W. McCrae, T. W. Mitchell and T. W. McLean are well represented.

WHEN Lord Charles Beresford was a midshipman he performed a most gallant act, for which he was subsequently presented with a medal. His vessel lay in the Mersey, and visitors from the shore were in the habit of coming on board to look over the ship. As a boat containing a person of about 16 stone was getting alongside it suddenly swamped, and Lord Charles immediately jumped overboard and seized the occupant just as he was sinking. The gallant rescuer kept the man afloat until help arrived, and both rescuer and rescued were taken on board the man-of-war. The man whose life had been saved maintaining a glum countenance and showing no great enthusiasm for his preserver, someone presently remarked to him:

"You don't appear very pleased at having being rescued from drowning."

"Ugh!" he exclaimed, in a disgusted tone, glancing first at his own portly proportions and then at his rescuer, "he was such a little un."


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AN earl accused a labor member of the British House of Commons not long ago of being "unfit to attend to his duties"—in other words, of being drunk. This led to a scene, and also to the discovery that Earl Winterton was entirely mistaken about the condition of Mr. Thorne; and thereupon the nobleman withdrew his remark and apologized.

It is not on record that Daniel O'Connell did so, however, when he expressed in the Commons the sarcastic hope that "the noble lord would carry his liquor easily." On another occasion, Disraeli, who used to "refresh" himself during a long speech, displayed a degree of excitement which led Gladstone to say that the gentleman's eloquence, "which was always impressive, might to-night be described as spirited."

There is a little-known anecdote about Fox, who was once taken to task by Wilberforce for a possibly correct rumor of Fox being intoxicated. "Now, Mr. Wilberforce," Fox asked, "suppose it were true that I had been found in this disgraceful state, should you have been very sorry—really?" Wilberforce, who could not deny the implication, said, "Oh, well, Mr. Fox, you are always so pleasant."

Teacher—What is an ocean? Johnny—A body of water necessitating battleships.—New York Sun.

# SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE world and his wife who happened to be in town responded to the big invitations which His Honor and Mrs. Gibson issued for last Friday afternoon, and one more pleasant out door party is added to the long list of such functions at Government House. It was a pretty sight when the guests had all passed in single file before the hosts and the guest of honor Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, K.C.B., G. C. V.O., and had scattered into groups, *tete-a-tetes*, and the usual solid mass in and about the refreshment marquee. The 13th Band of Hamilton played during the afternoon, and many a happy Hambletonian paraded on the turf, all very welcome additions to Toronto society, which recognizes the strong affection borne to our Governor and his amiable family by their lifelong friends from the Ambitious City. There were many guests from other places, Edinburgh, New York, Vancouver, Victoria, Guelph, Ottawa, Perth and "good old London" being represented, and plenty more which escape my memory. The house party and the Admiral received on the terrace, and Major Macdonald announced the guests to His Honor, who presented them to Lord Beresford, each receiving the smile for which the Admiral has become famous. Captain Douglas Young was a host in himself, and never had an idle moment. By the time his extra duties as Aide and his exhibition work with the smart squadron who perform daily there is over, this officer will be entitled to a furlough of some magnitude. During the afternoon the "twa braw pipers," did some musical and pedestrian exercises along the lower terrace to the delight of all good Scotchmen and their ladies. Among the guests were The Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweeney, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Sir Charles and Lady Moss, Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge, General and Mrs. Cotton and Miss Elsie Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. Denison and Miss Clare Denison of Heydon Villa, Mayor and Mrs. Oliver, Commodore and Mrs. Marlatt, Colonel Vance Graveley, Hon. and Mrs. Hugh Guthrie, Mrs. and Miss McLeod and Miss Campbell Noble, Mr. Adam Brown and Mr. Hope of Hamilton, Hon. J. K. and Mrs. Kerr of Rathnelly, Dr. and Mrs. Charles O'Rielly, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Judge Hodgins, Bishop and Mrs. Reeve, Colonel Stimson, Judge and Mrs. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bristol, Mrs. Angus McDonnel, Mr. Claude and Miss Marie McDonnell, Captain and Mrs. Wyatt, Mrs. Villiers Sankey, Miss Sankey, Mrs. M. K. Cowan of Montreal, Miss Anna Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Duggan, Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Dr. and Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. W. C. Muir of New York, Captain Lumb, Mr. Clifford Brown, Major and Mrs. Leigh, Mr. Edward Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham, Chevalier and Mrs. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. John Lyle, Miss Brouse, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Miss Marjorie Brouse, Mrs. Salter Van Koughnet and Mrs. Machray, Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. George Evans, the Misses Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Larkin, Mrs. and Miss Mary Clark, Mrs. Gooderham of Deancroft, Mrs. and Miss Jessie Johnston, Dr. and Mrs. Hood, Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann, Viscountess Cantelupe and Captain Jeffreys, Mrs. and Miss Warren, Mrs. Jack Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Mr. Irving Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood, Miss Merritt, Mr. W. Brouse, Miss Emily Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Miss Minnie Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Dr. and Mrs. Thistle, Mrs. Andrew Darling, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Morse of Winnipeg, Sir James Whitney, Judge Osler, Mr. and Miss Yarker, Mrs. Paget of Ottawa, Miss Mumford of Montreal, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Caldwell, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. Wm. Boultbee, Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. A. Warden, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Mrs. Sheard, Mrs. J. G. Elliott, Mr. and Miss Wragge, Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. James Robertson, Mr. Ford Robertson, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Mrs. Alex. Davidson, Mr. R. Davidson, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Aexander of Bon Accord, Mrs. R. Capreole, Dr. and Mrs. Macpherson, Major and Mrs. Donald, Colonel Gallagher, Mr. and Miss Galt, Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Dr. and Mrs. Scadding, Mr. E. B. Osler, Miss Suckling, Captain and Mrs. Porter, Colonel Tidswell of Hamilton, the Misses Hugel, Mrs. and Miss Massey.

The Countess of Shaftesbury, granddaughter of the late Duke of Westminster. The Countess holds a high place at Court.

Mrs. David Walker and Mrs. John Wright who have been in Europe have returned home.

The engagement of Miss Norah Sankey, daughter of the late Major Villiers Sankey, and Mr. J. Corbett, Inspector Bank of Commerce, is announced.

Miss Sankey is out from Dublin on a visit to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Villiers Sankey, at her summer home on Hanlan's Island.

Mr. Irving Cameron and Mr. and Mrs. Temple Blackwood returned from abroad last week.

On Saturday evening a very jolly dinner was given at the Hunt Club by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Suydam, in honor of Mr. Richard Walshe and Miss Ruth Fuller whose marriage took place last Monday. Covers were laid for sixteen and in the decoration of the table and painted menu cards, Maple Leaves and Shamrocks were introduced to mark the marriage of an Irishman to a Canadian girl. Needless to say the dinner was a great success, and most of the guests having spent a happy summer together at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, were intimately friendly and disposed to enjoy this pleasant finale to their season. Mr. and Mrs. Suydam and their son Harold were the best of hosts, and left no detail wanting in a perfect evening.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones returned to town last week. Rev. Crawford Brown and Mrs. Brown will return from England shortly.

Very sincere sympathy is with Mrs. George H. Hees and her devoted family in the serious conditions of Mrs. Hee's health, which has secluded her for some weeks of severe suffering. The gravest issue of her illness is possible, and those who know of her ardent love for husband, children and grand children, and their answering affection can realize what a trial all are passing through. That the high courage Mrs. Hees has always shown may support her still further, is one of the wishes her friends cherish, but her illness has cast a gloom over many hearts.

Mrs. Sandford of Hamilton, Mr. and Miss Fowke of Oshawa, and Colonel S. Hughes, were guests at the garden party at Government House, last Friday.

Mr. Arthur Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis will go to St. John's, Newfoundland, next month, when Mr. Jarvis will wed Miss Ida Winter, son of Sir James Winter, and bring his bride to Toronto to reside. I hear they will occupy a pretty flat in the Alexandra.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Paul have taken a suite at the Alexandra.

Miss Clare Denison, of Heydon Villa, made her first appearance in Toronto social circles last week, when she accompanied her parents to Government House, and was one of the most admired of the younger guests on the lawn. Miss Denison was presented in London this year, and afterwards went to Ascot with Colonel and Mrs. Denison to visit Earl Roberts, who has been residing there for the past three or four years. The gallant soldier was very kind to the Canadian debutante, whose father he has known for half a lifetime, and her summer has been a succession of charming experiences. Toronto friends will no doubt continue to make her first year "out" a period to be happily remembered.

Sir Joseph George Ward K.C.M.G., Premier of New Zealand, Lady Ward, Miss Ward and Miss Seddon, were in town on Saturday. They visited Niagara Falls and left for the West in the evening, whence they sailed for home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. LeMesurier and their family have returned to town after a pleasant summer in Muskoka. Mrs. Payne has also returned to her home in Wilcocks Street.

I hear that Mrs. Paul Krell may pay a visit to Toronto this fall.

Dr. and Mrs. B. J. Curry, who have been travelling in Europe during the summer, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Curry, Jameson avenue, for a few days this week. They left on Thursday evening for their home in Winnipeg.

Admiral Lord Beresford was the guest of honor at a very smart dinner given by the officers of the Toronto Garrison at the Toronto Club last Saturday evening. General Cotton, host-in-chief, proposed The Admiral's health. The decorations and menu were very well done, and the Admiral administered unlimited blarney to his hosts. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor made a good speech.

Admiral Lord Beresford has spent the week at Temagami. He was expected back yesterday, and will remain in Toronto over Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerr and their little son have been visiting Mrs. Kerr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cross, 111 St. George street, and returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry O'Flynn have been enjoying their trip in the East, and were at the Chateau Frontenac. On their return they will reside at 129 Lowther avenue.

Reports are flying around about many marriages to take place in the next few weeks, several of which will not be celebrated this year. The marrying microbe seems to have quickened the imagination of some of the "quid-nuncs," very much to the annoyance of their victims. But despite the fact that every engaged girl is not to be wedded in September or October, there will be a record number of brides this autumn, and unfortunately Toronto will play a losing game. Our girls are going away, and other towns are not sending us an even number to console us for vacant places in our festive circles.

Among the girls making their debut this autumn is a very charming one, whose elder sisters were most popular. Miss Haney's coming out will be happy, if she follows her sisters' footsteps.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morrison of 81 St. George Street, announce the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Abbie Lenora Morrison and Mr. Frank S. Allan, second son of Mr. A. A. Allan. Their marriage will take place early in October.


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Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 31st of August, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of September next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of August, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
JAMES MASON, General Manager
Toronto, July 14, 1909.

# Shot to Save His Reputation

"I HAVE sometimes thought," said the gray haired young looking man in the club smoking room, "that the chief value of draw poker, considered as an educational influence, is that it accustoms the player to unexpected happenings. It is easy for any man to preserve his equanimity and to do the best thing possible under the circumstances when events shape themselves exactly as he expected them to, but not everybody can preserve his self-possession when he is taken by surprise, and if there is anything more likely to develop surprising situations than draw poker I do not call it to mind at the moment.

"At least once in my life I have had occasion to be thankful that I had this training. If I had not had it, I shudder even now to think what the outcome would have been of a situation as unexpected to me as it was horrible. The necessity for instantaneous action came so suddenly that I was compelled to do the right thing without stopping to think whether it was right or not, and without the training I imagine I would have been so overcome with amazement as to be incapable of doing anything for the moment. A moment later it would have been useless for me.

"It was on a Mississippi steamboat, soon after the civil war. I was travelling at the time for a Chicago house and had made the acquaintance of the captain of the boat on previous trips, but he knew me simply as a travelling man and could not be expected to vouch for me in any doubtful contingency. My companion on this particular trip was another travelling salesman by the name of Hastings—a man whom I supposed I knew thoroughly. His reputation as a business man was of the best, and I had met him in so many places and under such diverse circumstances that I had no suspicion of anything out of the way in his make-up. I knew him out of business hours as a jovial companion, fond of sport and a fellow who was looked upon by all who knew him as a thoroughly square man. On the boat he was known only as my companion for the time.

"Hastings and I were on our way to the various river towns and made the whole trip from Memphis to New Orleans by boat. It was just as the boat was about starting from Memphis that I gained an impression of the character of two of my fellow passengers which proved afterward to be a factor in the problem I was so suddenly confronted with.

"These two were tall, fine looking men. Later on I learned that they were brothers who owned a fine plantation near Huntsville, Ala., and though they had been greatly impoverished by the war were still well to do and were conspicuous among the unreconstructed citizens who played so important a part in public affairs in the early '70s. Their name was Martin, and they appeared to be what I was told they were, typical Southern gentlemen of the better sort.

"They came up the gangplank together, and as they were midway on it a big darkey who for some reason was in haste to get ashore started on a run in the opposite direction. He had no business to be on that gangplank at all, so I fancy he must have been running to escape the mate, but whatever the cause he was too heedless to note the two gentlemen and he ran into one of them.

"Without an instant's hesitation the white man struck him a terrific blow with his fist just below the ear and the darkey tottered and fell into the river. The mate was near at hand, and he shouted to some of the rousters and deck hands around, so that there was instantly a bustle on the boat and on the levee among the men who were trying to fish the darkey out, but the man who struck the blow showed not the slightest interest in their efforts. He swore wrathfully and brushed his clothes off as if to free himself from the contamination of a strange colored man's touch and came on board without looking to see whether the other was drowned or not. His brother, equally indignant but half laughing, came on with him, making no comment excepting to say: 'That was rather a neat blow, Dick.' Nor did either of the two betray any concern when it was reported after the boat started that nothing had been seen of the man who fell in the river.

"It was all very shocking to me, but I had learned to keep still concerning matters in which I was not involved, and when I was afterward introduced to the Martins by the captain I had nothing to say. I found them indeed such pleasant company that it was hard for me to realize their attitude in a matter that involved the loss of a human life.

"There were some professional gamblers aboard the boat, as was the case commonly enough at that time, and Hastings and I were both approached by them that evening when they started to get up a game of poker. Neither of us, however, cared to play with professionals. Nor did the Martin brothers, as I noticed a few minutes later, and we were all four lookers-on at the game when it was at length under way. It was not glaringly crooked so far as I could see, but even if it had been none of us would have been likely to interfere.

"I thought, however, that the captain might do so when he came into the saloon later in the evening, but he looked on for a few minutes indifferently and then turned away with a laugh. Seeing us four standing near together he said, 'Suppose we start a little game among ourselves.'

"To such a game I had no objections, nor as it appeared had any of the others, so we were soon playing. In those days poker even in its mildest form was quite a serious proposition, for we didn't play a limit and table stakes hadn't been devised, or if it had I never heard of it for years after, so a player was always liable to be forced to the end of his resources if he had faith in his hand. I saw, however, before we had played long that the others were in the game as I was, for sport rather than for money, and it seemed likely that no one would push the play to extremes.

"For half an hour or so it was most enjoyable. Luck was tolerably even, so that no one lost any great amount, though we had several interesting contests. Calls were frequent, and it was also often the case that a good sized bet would capture a pot without a call.

"Then came a deal which, as I realized afterward, was such as to arouse some natural suspicion, and as it happened Hastings was the dealer. The ante was two bits call four, and the captain had put up his white chip accordingly. The elder Martin, whom I had heard called Dick, sat next, and he threw in two whites promptly.

It was my next play, and I found three aces, but with all the others to hear from I didn't care to raise, so I trailed. Then the other Martin, whom his brother called Tom, came in, and Hastings raised it $2.

"The captain studied a while, but decided to take a chance, and he and Dick Martin stayed. Then I raised it $3 and looked to see some hands dropped. Tom Martin threw his cards down, but Hastings came back at me with $5 more, and again the captain studied. Evidently he was not strong enough to raise, but he was loath to drop, and I sized him up for two pairs. After a time, however, he put in his money, and we all looked at Dick to see what he would do.

"The thought of crooked play had not come into my mind, and I was a little surprised to see him look keenly first at Hastings and then at me, but whatever he may have been thinking of was not enough to frighten him out, and eventually he, too, stayed.

"Then I raised again. We were not playing straights, and I thought three aces strong enough for one more boost, but to my surprise Hastings raised again, so I concluded that he must have a pat hand, in which case I had only the draw to look to.

"Then the captain and Dick Martin both dropped, and it flashed on me that they thought they might be up against a see-saw game between two partners, but there was nothing for me to do but to call and ask for two cards, which I did. Hasting's last raise had been only $5 and there was no more than $60 in the pot, so I figured the chance worth taking.

"He gave me the two cards and as I expected stood pat himself. When I picked up my two, I found a pair of sevens, so I surely had him beaten unless he had stood pat on fours, which I did not think he would do. So in order, if possible, to make him think I was bluffing I bet $50. At that he dropped and it came to me that if I had been suspected of see-sawing, the suspicion was likely to be greatly strengthened by the play.

"Then Hastings began to grumble ill temperedly at his luck. It was natural enough that he should, but I felt that that, too, looked suspicious, and I began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. Nothing was said, however, although there were glances exchanged that seemed to me to be significant, and the captain dealt the cards.

"In the succeeding round there was no play of any special importance, but Hastings lost once or twice and continued to grumble, while I continued to feel that he and I were both being watched carefully by the others.

"Then to my amazement and consternation I suddenly realized that I was in a desperate situation. The deal had passed round to Hastings and again everybody stayed before the draw, though no one raised and he lifted the deck to complete the deal. As it happened everybody called for one card, and when it came to helping himself the dealer took a card from the bottom of the deck. I saw it distinctly, and it came to me as if by inspiration that the others had seen the performance also.

"To understand what I was up against, it is necessary to recall that a crooked gambler was extremely liable to be shot on detection in those days on the Mississippi. I would never have dreamed of suspecting Hastings, knowing him as I thought I did, but I had the evidence of my own sight and the others, not knowing him at all, excepting as my companion had the same evidence and his guilt was equivalent to my incrimination, especially in view of the previous play

"Then I had seen something of the hot blood of the two Martins and their apparent indifference to human life. It was not to be expected that they would condone an offence which was held to be a capital crime, and it was by no means certain that they would not shoot me as well as Hastings. Even if I should escape death, it seemed certain that I would be branded as a crooked gambler.

"There was nothing to hope from the captain. Even if he should take no personal part in the violence which was inevitable, it was not to be expected that he would interfere on behalf of two black-legs, and I was convinced that he included me in his judgment of Hastings.

"All this takes time to explain, but I had literally no time whatever to decide what I should do, nor did I have time to think it all out. All I can say is that the whole ghastly situation revealed itself to me like a picture of a landscape suddenly shown by a flash of lightning. I saw every detail at the instant I saw Hastings's dirty trick, and the action I took was on the inspiration of that instant—not the result of any conscious reasoning.

"I felt that it was certain that somebody would be shot immediately, and that it was up to me to snoot first. Fortunately, I was tolerably skilful with a revolver in those days, and drawing the gun I always carried when I travelled, I fired point blank at Hastings the same moment that Dick and Tom Martin broke out in denunciation, at the same time drawing their own guns. I need hardly say that I had no desire to kill the man I had called friend for so long a time, even though he had suddenly proved to be a scoundrel, so I shot to miss, but to miss as closely as possible, and my bullet actually ploughed a little furrow through his hair.

"He was almost as quick as I, and seeing three men drawing, he pulled his own gun, but before he could return my fire, as he undertook to do the captain seized his wrist—he was a powerful man—and turned the weapon upward.

"At the same moment he exclaimed, 'No more shooting, gentlemen! I'll attend to this scoundrel myself!' And as we put away our weapons, he made good on his assertion by dragging Hastings to the door of the saloon and calling to the mate of the boat. To him he gave orders that the miserable man, now stricken dumb with a sense of his humiliation, should be put ashore immediately. Then he turned back and joined us in the saloon. All that we knew of Hastings after that was that he was not seen again. The steamboat stopped and the mate and two or three deck hands went ashore in a rowboat, and when they came back the steamboat went on.

"Turning to me the captain said: 'It's a good thing for you that you shot as quick as you did. I had made up my mind that you and he were pals.'"—New York Sun.

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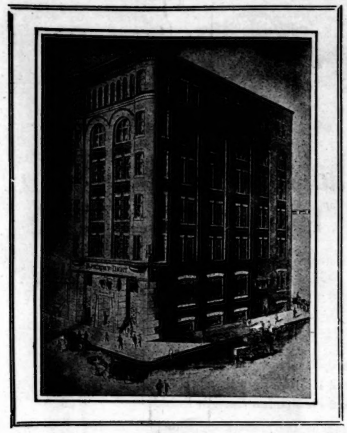


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FREDERICK PAUL, Editor.

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# Points About People

## Mr. O'Higgins in the Limelight.

MR. HARVEY J. O'Higgins, formerly of Toronto, who has become one of the best known writers in New York, is very far from being a man who courts sensational publicity for himself or his work. But he is getting it just the same. His name is at present being mentioned in the newspapers of Denver, Colorado, almost as frequently as the name Beresford is being mentioned in the press of Toronto this week. It is, in fact, appearing constantly in papers all over the Western States; and it is just possible that before this article appears, Mr. O'Higgins may have been sandbagged or kidnapped, or possibly the fingers of his writing hand may have been shot away. Now, what on earth, you ask, has modest, quiet Harvey O'Higgins been up to that he should be in the thick of such a storm? Well, this is the way of it, and the story will be interesting to his many Canadian friends and admirers.

H. J. O'HIGGINS.
Taken at his home in the Catskills, where he wrote "Don o' Dreams".

Most people who read the papers at all carefully have heard something of Benjamin Barr Lindsey, judge of the juvenile court in Denver. They call him "de kids' judge." He is the friend of all children, and believes that it is the duty of the state to be very, very careful in the handling of boys and girls who, standing unguarded and unadvised at the threshold of life, are in danger of becoming criminals instead of useful citizens. He believes in trying by every conceivable method that is practicable to set children on the right path before sentencing them to jail to herd with confirmed criminals. He has devised many ways of doing this, and children's society agents and government officials from all over the world go to his court to observe the results of his juvenile parole system and other methods of dealing with youthful offenders. But he has not been content to fight for the children. For years he has been fighting against the rotten methods of machine politicians and dishonest corporations and combinations in the city and the state in which he lives. Some time ago Everybody's Magazine concluded that the publication of an autobiography of Judge Ben B. Lindsey would be, in the language of Kid Burns, the "big noise" of a season in magazine features. So they arranged with the judge for the material, and sent Harvey O'Higgins to Denver to edit it—meaning that the latter would write the story, concisely and strikingly. Mr. O'Higgins says that Lindsey, who is a tiny ninety-eight pound man, but a lion in courage, has done wonders in the way of reform in Denver, although he has neither money, personal magnetism, nor strong friends. His enemies are legion, including all the gamblers and hard cases, male and female, of the city. He has been offered big bribes to quit his fight for the honest administration of honest laws. He has been threatened. Attempts have been made to discredit him and blacken his character, but he keeps on fighting.

Recently it became known in Denver that Judge Lindsey's real story containing "real names," and written by the skilful hand of Mr. O'Higgins was about ready for publication—a ripping story of 75,000 words. And during the past two weeks it is said that lawyers and detectives, representing powerful influences and men whose "real names" were likely to be heralded to a continent as crooks, have been busy trying to induce the magazine not to print the story. It is only to be hoped that no extreme western vengeance will fall upon Mr. O'Higgins for his part in promised sensational exposure, although such newspaper headings as "Gangs Plotted His Murder" are employed by friendly newspapers in describing the danger in which Lindsey himself stands. In this connection, however, it is reassuring to note that even the papers most strongly antagonistic to the judge are free in their praise of "the famous magazine writer and novelist" and "gentleman of charming personality" who is writing the sinister "autobiography."

Saturday Night, as the first journal to encourage the literary genius of Mr. O'Higgins before he left Toronto and made a big reputation, regards with very considerable pleasure the increasing popularity and prosperity of this member of the bright coterie of young Canadian writers who have gone to New York and have not only "made good," but who have shown themselves capable of making better stories and special articles than most of the talented men who swarm New York doing or aiming to do that sort of work. It is only to be hoped that Mr. O'Higgins will not devote himself exclusively to such work as that upon which he is at present engaged, creditable and lucrative as that may be. Now that he is practically on the staff of Everybody's, he may be tempted to do more and more in the way of special-article writing, and consequently we may have fewer short stories from his pen. As a story-writer he has recently displayed a maturity and mellowness of thought and a surety of touch, in dealing with vital human problems, that were not evident in his earlier work, and which most of us would like to see go on developing.

## The Boy Collector.

ONE day this week the front door-bell of a certain Toronto house rang and the mistress of the home, answering the summons, found on the threshold a diminutive Irish lad.

"Well," she queried, what is it?"

"I've come for the money," was the laconic but cryptic response.

The lady had no idea what the boy meant, but finally the latter made it clear that he had come to collect a small sum owing on a parcel which had been delivered to a visitor in the house. The lady paid the money and then suggested that she be given a receipt.

"Receipt — what's that?" asked the small but determined collector.

The lady explained that as they were each acting the part of agent in the transaction it would be advisable for him to give her something in the shape of a voucher.

The lad's business education evidently did not include a knowledge of the technicalities of any such formal proceeding as this, but he was bright—and Irish. So, with the remark, "Aw, I know what you want now," he wrote on the back of the memorandum he had brought with him:

"T. Maloney came for the mony and got it."

## Recollections of Heroic Bishop Mountain.

APROPOS of the recent erection of a monument to the Irish immigrants who perished at Grosse Isle, Quebec, in 1832-34, it is interesting to note that the Anglican clergy in Quebec were very active at that time in lending aid to the sufferers, who were of Roman Catholic faith. And in this connection this extract from "The Last Three Bishops Appointed by the Crown for the Anglican Church of Canada," by Fennings Taylor, published by John Lovell, of Montreal, in 1869, is of present interest. It relates to the Right Reverend George Jehoshaphat Mountain, D.D., D.C.L., third Bishop of Quebec:

The immigrant station at Grosse Isle had been set apart by Government as the receiving station for immigrants who arrived in the pest ships from Europe in the cholera years of 1832-34. The graveyard of the Island was rapidly filled. The disease seemed to leap across the belt of water that separates that Island from the shore, and having fallen like a fire-brand in Quebec, it spread through the city like a flame. When the cholera broke out in 1832, the population of Quebec amounted to twenty-eight thousand; by the end of July, that is to say, in about two months' time, two thousand and eight hundred had died. On two consecutive days in June, upwards (thus loosely the record reads) of seventy-five persons were buried by the rector. Nevertheless, amidst such harassing duty, provision was made for further service. A horse was kept saddled day and night in his stable to enable him or his assistant in the parish to attend to people who resided at a distance from him. Many nights, says his biographer, they were both out, and for whole days unable to return. Again, in 1847, the ship fever, the fatal product of famine in Ireland, was imported into Canada. The Anglican clergy, who were few in number, with devoted zeal took their duty at Grosse Isle week about, the Bishop taking the first week. Most of the clergy sickened, and two of them died of the fever.

The trial, we may well imagine, was acute enough, for in the summer of 1847 upwards of five thousand interments took place at the immigrants' station at Grosse Isle. "No one liveth to himself or dieth to himself," wrote the heroic Bishop. There was a chivalry as well as a gentleness in his nature which, like expressed virtue, communicated its energy to all. It was the spirit of Christian knighthood, of unwavering devotion which animated his heart. Fear was exorcised and cast out by love; and love being the twin of faith, found joy in duty. This spirit of self-sacrifice always shone in his character, and unquestionably added virtue, as well as beauty, to his life.

When, for example, the Church Missionary Society was desirous of establishing a bishopric in the heart of the Red River country, he was the prelate to whom that society applied to take the exploring journey of nine thousand miles. Doubtless he was happy to go, for the work was mission work. . . . It enabled him to teach and to pray with Indians and half breeds, as well as to lay the foundation of a permanent bishopric. It was during that journey, in his bark canoe, or beneath the forest shade, that he wrote and perchance sang his "Songs of the Wilderness," a collection of small poems which are bright with beautiful thoughts.

Bank Clerk: "All I get is sympathy."

Again, some years later, when a difficulty was found to exist with respect to the appointment of a Bishop of Sierra Leone, in consequence of the climate having proved rapidly fatal to more than one occupant of the See, he wrote to the secretary of the Society for the propagation of the Gospel to know whether the difficulty had been surmounted. His reason for doing so, as he told his son, was that he intended to offer himself for the post that "he might wipe away the reproach from the Church of England."

## High Sea Therapeutics.

THERE was an old sea-dog, the captain of a freighter, who used to make the port of Montreal quite often, and who was well known to all the marine reporters as a character. He was a French-Canadian, of the hardy Gulf stock, which takes to the sea by hereditary instinct, and all his family were sailors. A number of stories are told of this man and his career, which dated back to the days of "wind-jammers." He was even in the smuggling business for a while, and they say that once when asked as to the seamanlike qualities of his first mate, a splendid type of young French-Canadian, he answered:

"Is he a good sailor? Why, *nom de dieu*, he is one of the best what there are—is he not a smuggler?"

But one of the best yarns told of the captain, is his account of the entire futility of the medicine chests required by law on such boats as do not carry a surgeon.

"They are no good," he is reported to have said, "no good for nothing in the world. Last trip one of my men get sick. I look at his disease in the book of directions, and it say give him so much of Number Twelve: I look at bottle Number Twelve, and it is all empty. I therefore take half a dose of Number Seven and half a dose of Number Five, and I mix them. What you think happen then? Why, *corbleu*, that fellow he is die!"

And the captain shook his head in mournful distrust of medicine chests and their bottles.

## A Real Sourdough.

DURING the past week Col. Donald MacGregor, one of the best known of Yukon and British Columbia prospectors, spent a few days in Toronto on his way from Regina, where he has lived for the past year, to his old home in Glengarry county, Ontario. The Colonel is a real old-timer. He first went west over fifty years ago, going by way of the Isthmus of Panama. A cousin of his made the biggest strike in the Cariboo district, when gold was first discovered there. This man was afterwards known all over the north and west as Cariboo Cameron, and Mr. MacGregor, then a youth, hearing of his kinsman's success, caught the gold fever, and started out on his remarkable and adventurous career. For many years he was one of the most active men on the Coast, working not only for himself but for the advancement of British Columbia. During the Robson regime he was colonization agent in the province, and founded the Squamish valley settlement, now a thriving community. He was also prominent in organizing a capable militia force on the Coast.

For many years Col. MacGregor was an honored resident of New Westminster. When the rush for gold to the Klondyke began, he followed the old lure and went prospecting there. He became one of the most famous of Yukon characters. He was, they say, "chairman of everything in Dawson," where he lived for ten years. He was president of the citizens' committee of the Yukon, the only organization the country had for some time. In that capacity he welcomed Lord Minto, when, as Governor-General, he visited the Yukon in 1900. In addition to being a leading spirit in all sorts of reforms in the good country, he published for some time a newspaper called The Yukoner. Previously he had had some journalistic experience, being for two sessions a member of the press gallery at Ottawa, coming down from New Westminster to act in that capacity. Although he has not accumulated any vast pile of the precious metal which has beckoned him into many strange places, he has the satisfaction of knowing that all through the Northwest, and wherever miners and prospectors gather together, his name is known and honored. Before he left Dawson he was made an honorary life member of both the Canadian Club and the Arctic Brotherhood; and was presented with two gold medals, one from the citizens and one from the school children of the city. And among the exhibits at the Yukon building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition now in progress at Seattle is a large portrait of this typical Man from Glengarry.

Col. MacGregor is a big, strong, quiet man, and although his rugged face is deeply lined and his hair is gray, there is nothing about him to suggest age, but everything to suggest resourcefulness and vigorous personality.

Col. MacGregor was asked, among other things, what he thought of Service's poems. "Oh," said he, "they seem to interest a good many people, but I don't take much stock in them." This was to be expected, for there is nothing in verses about Sourdoughs to greatly interest the Sourdoughs themselves. Col. MacGregor, when spoken to about the much-talked-of rigors and horrors of the Yukon region, said that he got along well enough in the matter of physical comfort. Only the inexperienced, he said, suffered remarkable hardships in the Klondike. He made the interesting observation that the finding of a fortune in the shape of a lucky strike in the gold region pretty certainly does one or two things to a man. He either becomes absolutely foolish and irresponsible, or he uses his wealth to develop his real character—a character not always laid bare for examination by his fellow miners—and to do the creditable things he has long dreamed of doing.

Col. MacGregor says that mining in the Yukon is now in the hands of big capitalists like the Guggenheims, who put in costly plants and make money both by actual mining and by stock market manipulation. The day of the individual miner there is largely past. The Colonel, however, is confident that along the mountain route of the Grand Trunk Pacific many mines of various kinds will be discovered, providing a new field for the prospector.

## Five Villages Under the Hammer.

IN connection with the discussion on the Lloyd-George budget, during which many suggestions have been made to the effect that it is absurd that a congested little country like England should permit a few aristocrats to hold vast tracts of land in idleness, it is interesting to read such announcements as this in the London press:

One of the largest sales of freehold estates on record in England will take place in September, when a total of 10,000 acres will be sold by auction at Salisbury and Devizes.

The estates comprise the whole of the five villages of Steeple Longford, Stapleford, Winterbourne Stoke, All Cannings, and Maddington. There are two livings and three licensed houses and the fishing rights of three miles of the River Wylye, as well as the manorial rights over a population of 1,500 people. The estates yield an annual income of about £6,000.

Originally the property of Lord Ashburton, the estates were acquired by Mr. Hooley, upon whose failure they were purchased by Sir Christopher Furness. He in turn sold to the Cavendish Land Company, Ltd., which is now disposing of them in 104 separate lots. These lots range from a single cottage upwards, the largest lot, of 2,265 acres, including the Druids, Asserton, and Hill Farms. Another large lot is the Manor Farm of 1,609 acres.

The total value of the estates is estimated at anything from £150,000 to £200,000.

The newest London hotel has introduced two innovations which if it is possible to establish them may be the beginning of a revolution in hotel life. One is that all the rooms without exception will be one price without distinction of floor. The second and greatest innovation is that there are no tips. This hotel will be the first in the world to abolish what is recognized as the greatest deterrent to travelling that exists. The principal promoter of the new idea in hotel catering has already proved the value of the non-tipping system in tea shops.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "The Homeseekers."
By G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

# INDIAN REMINISCENCES OF 1812

## A BIT OF UNWRITTEN HISTORY AS RELATED TO GEORGE AOKWAHO LOFT BY F. ONONDEHO LOFT

Jacob Warner. John Tutela. John Smoke Johnson

**INDIAN CHIEFS WHO FOUGHT WITH BRANT.**

**The three Indian Chiefs shown above were the only ones surviving, when the photograph was taken in 1884, of those who were personally acquainted with Brant and fought under him in the war of 1812. Their ages when the photograph was taken were: Jacob Warner, 93; John Tutela, 92; John Smoke Johnson, 94. The latter was present at the laying of the corner stone of the Brant monument in Victoria Park, Brantford, in August, 1886, at which he delivered a short address.. It was his last appearance in public, as he died shortly after.**

THE accompanying photograph of three veterans of 1812, Jacob Warner, John Tutela and John Smoke Johnson, the only survivors of that war when the photo was taken in 1884. Their ages when the photograph was taken were: Jacob Warner, 93; John Tutela, 92; John Smoke Johnson, 94.

These interesting personages, the last of the warrior patriots of the Six Nations who fought in that memorable conflict, the hundredth anniversary of which will soon be celebrated, lived to explain many incidents connected with the war, particularly with those engagements of which they were eye-witnesses. A bit of unwritten history which I am undertaking to supply the reader is akin to much of the lore of the race, which is rarely if ever disclosed to outsiders. It is spoken, not lettered. Thus achievements of the race and accomplishments of its leaders are quietly and respectfully conserved in memory. These are transmitted from one generation to another, supplying the only means of keeping green the memory of men who were nation-builders and history-makers, sharing uninvited in patriotic duty.

In this narrative I am confining myself to an account of a lively brush between the enemy, 500 strong, under Col. Boestler, and some two hundred or more Six Nation scouts at or near De Coo's farm, as related to my late father by Jacob Warner and John Tutela. One cannot think of questioning the authenticity of their version of the engagement, coming as it has from honorable men, especially when it so closely tallies with the page of history which gives but a meagre account of the part the redman took in any particular engagement in the district of Niagara. All these three warriors are within my memory as a lad—more particularly Jacob Warner and John Tutela, who were occasional and most welcome visitors to Forest Home, my native place. My father always took an unusual interest in these old warriors; they were indeed bosom friends and confidants. Father, as a late comer to this soil, was soon at one with the community, and entertaining an earnest desire to acquire a complete knowledge of Indian history, won their confidence, and in time was rewarded by the conversion of many of the Cayugas to Christianity. The dialect of the Cayuga was as natural to us as our own. By this means I was able to understand the nature of their conversation.

Chief then of the Cayugas, Jacob Warner could be truly designated as the grand old sage of the tribe, a fine, honorable character. He was revered by the whole community. John Tutela was of the Tutelas—a small tribe, not of the Six Nations, however, who at one time occupied the Tutela Heights on the Grand River near Brantford. From here John migrated to the region of the Cayuga, making his home among them up to the time of his death.

The homes of these two interesting veterans were within easy reach of Forest Home, enabling me betimes to visit Warner at any rate, more from childish curiosity than anything else, in company with my older brothers. His modest home was always radiant with the influence of his kind face and disposition, pleased to see the lads, and invariably offered a bowl of corn soup by his attentive and hospitable wife. One of the sage's pleasures was to reach for the old musket from its selected place on the wall, a piece that had served him well. He prided himself on being a good shot. Handing it to the lads, he would say: "Some day you will be going out to fight too." Then would follow his advice to his young auditors to learn to shoot well, and never be afraid to go to war.

There was a marked contrast in the physique of Warner and Tutela. Warner was a tall, lanky man, looking to me like a six-foot-sixer, while Tutela was a short and blocky man, who had been able to put up a hot man-to-man contest with the tomahawk. He dearly cherished a rudely-made hammered copper tomahawk he carried in the war, and which he invariably carried with him lashed to his belt in the hollow of his back. It was a product of some of the manufacturing smiths of his tribe.

Two veterans of the warpath had corroborating reminiscences of the war as they saw it themselves and told by others of the Six Nations who served in the war. I will here confine myself to their account of the battle of their party of some two hundred of the Six Nations who intercepted the march of Col. Boestler with his 500 strong marching against big chief Col. Fitzgibbon.

In 1812 the Gore, or more properly Hamilton, was always the objective point of the Six Nations, for enlistment and for instructions from headquarters there. From various points of the Grand River large parties of warriors wended their way through forest trails leading to the Gore, eager to press on to the scene of strife where they could be of some service. Once there, they were not long in being dispatched to various points in the Niagara district. Warner and Tutela were among the party of selected scouts to spy closely the region lying between the mountain range and the road leading to the Falls. Armed to the teeth, they started out on their still-hunt. They decided to stick as closely to the higher tablelands along the base of the mountain, so as to be able to sight more readily any danger before them. Now and again a portion would be detached, descending to the valley below to make a complete survey of the land and looking for convenient places of ambush to be used in case of necessity.

They had been out some days, when to the party's great surprise one afternoon the advance guard of the scouts came upon a woman advancing towards them. At the sight of the Indians, she was very much agitated. As they approached her almost at a rush, she raised her arms above her head. This to them was the sign of surrender. She was escorted to the main body, where was to be found John Norton, a white man accompanying the party, who understood much of the Cayuga dialect. Discovering she was a white woman, it fell to his lot to ascertain who she was, what she was doing and where destined. The scouts, believing she might be a spy, were making preparation for a council as to what should be done with her.

It was soon learned, however, through the interpreter, John Norton, that she was a friend of the British and she was on her way to tell the big chief, Col. Fitzgibbon, of the preparations by the enemy to attack him. The whole scene was changed. The stern countenances of the warriors which peered at her so closely and suspiciously were turned suddenly to smiles. Admiring the pluck of this intrepid woman, braving such a hazardous undertaking, many, if not all of them, shook her hand heartily.

Arrangements were in order then to provide her with three warrior escorts to headquarters. And as the little party gradually disappeared from view, the glee-filled warriors indulged themselves in a war dance, their war whoops being loud enough to crack the mountain, as John Tutela would say, with a laugh.

It was, if I remember correctly, the following day in the evening when the scouts got sight of the approaching soldiers. They perceived at once it was the enemy, by the flag they carried and the color of their uniform. Without any loss of time half of the party was sent down in the valley beyond to lay in ambush for them. The rear guard hastily spread out to make their force seem larger than it was. Suddenly and unexpectedly the scouts opened fire. Consternation seized the enemy and they fell into disorder, although they did put up a hot fight for a time. The Indian lads gradually surrounded the enemy, pouring incessantly a hot fire into them. Before nightfall the commander of the enemy had raised a white flag. Notwithstanding this, the warriors from a high plateau kept up their attack until the arrival of Co. Fitzgibbon and his following, nearly a hundred strong, who took them into camp without further fighting.

## When Beresford Was a Boy.

HERE is one of the stories about Lord Charles Beresford at present going the rounds. When former Governor McBride of Oregon went as United States Minister to the Court of King Kamehameha at Honolulu, he found no outward insignia designating the American Consulate. He therefore had a Yankee coat-of-arms cut from wood, gilded, and placed conspicuously over the door. An English man-of-war came into the harbor one day. Among a party of midshipmen who came ashore for a lark were Lord Gordon and the present Admiral Lord Beresford. They saw the gilded eagle and decided to add it to their collection of bric-a-brac. The story of what followed is told in an article in The New York Evening Post. We read:

They selected a time when the minister was away and the office closed, presumably at night, and took down the coat-of-arms, hired a native vehicle to carry it down to the dock, and actually succeeded in getting it aboard without any of the ranking officers knowing anything about it.

The next morning when the minister came down to the office his assistant said:

"Mr. Minister, your bird's taken flight."

"What do you mean?" asked his Excellency.

"Your coat-of-arms is gone," replied the aide.

"Gone where? Flown off?"

"Not exactly," said the other. "It's just disappeared."

The minister walked out into the street and looked up. The coat-of-arms, which was five or six feet across, was "noticeable by its absence"; it had taken wings and flown away. Exactly what the minister said has not been chronicled.

It so happened that Beresford had given the carriage-driver an extra fare for his trouble. Some one quickly reported to the minister, who at once made a demand upon the captain of the frigate for its return. The captain, who was innocent, denied that the thing was aboard-ship. The minister sent his evidence to the captain, reiterating his demand, and demanding an apology for the insult.

The captain now began an investigation, and the culprits owned up and took the coat-of-arms on deck, when it was promptly sent ashore and returned to the office of the minister. McBride, who was there, refused to receive it.

"Tell the captain of your frigate that I desire that the men who took it down bring it back, place it where they found it, and apologize."

Back to the ship went the men with the coat-of-arms and reported. The captain ordered the young men to go ashore, take the coat-of-arms to the Consulate, replace it as they found it, and apologize to the minister.

It was doubtless a bitter pill, and the young midshipmen had to stand the badinage of their comrades. The two went ashore ready to comply, and took the coat-of-arms to the Consulate. The American Minister had not put himself out to keep the matter quiet, and as a fact the public was well posted, and the Consulate was surrounded by a crowd of Americans, natives and others, all laughing at the predicament of the young midshipmen.

The minister had a strong sense of humor, and determined to get all there was in it. He preserved his dignity as best he could as he received the young men and listened to their apologies. The midshipmen then took the coat-of-arms from the hack, and, amid the cheers of the crowd, climbed to the front of the building and placed it in position; then hurried down, followed by laughter and cheers.

## Says He Believes Cook.

JUST now when most people are raising their eyebrows and shrugging their shoulders at the mention of Dr. Cook's name, and murmuring what they believe to be Bible quotations anent Ananias and his lineal descendants, it is somewhat refreshing to get hold of a man who states positively that "if Dr. Frederick Cook says he found the North Pole, then he has found it, and that's all there is to it." And that man is Mr. L. O. Armstrong, the colonization agent of the Canadian Pacific, who has been in Toronto of late in connection with the Canadian Pacific exhibit at the Fair.

"Dr. Cook is a personal friend of mine," Mr. Armstrong explained to SATURDAY NIGHT, while SATURDAY NIGHT chewed meditatively on a sample of North-west exhibition wheat in the Railway Building. "I met him in New York about four years ago, while I was conducting a sportsman's show there. He introduced himself to me, and we became friends at once. He impressed me from the first as a thoroughly reliable and earnest man, who had made a life-study of northern exploration, and who was well fitted to ultimately succeed in it.

"What sort of a man was he physically? Well, he looked more like a probable tennis champion than a pole-finder. He was under medium height, of wiry, active build, and seemed well adapted to endure great privation and exertion. His manner was modest, but assured, and he impressed me with his sincerity and also his knowledge of his subject.

"I visited him at his home, where I met Fiala and a number of other prominent northern explorers. Dr. Cook was very much interested in getting from me any information I had with regard to the methods of travel used in our own north country in the winter time. I pointed out to him the manner in which the mails are carried in the far north by means of sledges and dog teams, one or two men travelling in this manner over many hundred miles of territory. I told him that I thought the chief difficulty with so many of the northern expeditions was that they went too heavily equipped and were impeded instead of helped by their cumbersome outfits. He seemed to hold the same views. I believe he had already formed the plans he was to carry out so successfully."

Thus does a man who knows Cook bear witness in his favor.

## A Reminiscence of Clyde Fitch.

CRITICS were accustomed to regard the late Clyde Fitch as a man of undoubted and indeed unique talent who had entirely sacrificed ambition to the art of money-making. Indeed, it has been doubted whether in later years he had any serious ambition at all other than that of turning out a play every six months whether he had adequately worked out his exceptionally good ideas or not.

There is one man in Toronto, however, who can testify that Fitch was in reality a very ambitious man from an artistic standpoint rather than a financial standpoint. The gentleman in question never met the dramatist and probably the dramatist never knew his name. Twelve years ago a drama by Mr. Fitch named "The Moth and the Flame" was produced in Toronto, and the gentleman in question, who at that time was dramatic critic for a morning newspaper, discerned in it a strong and sweeping conception, well, though not perfectly worked out, and written in a terse and easy dialogue the very antitheses of the artificial conversation that the average journeyman playwright is wont to turn out. Apparently Mr. Fitch had some friend who thought it would be worth while to reverse the practice of the profession who are at pains to see that a roast reaches the eyes of the person roasted. At any rate it reached the dramatist's eyes somehow, and a few weeks later the Toronto man was surprised to receive a letter which had been sent to his newspaper with a request that it be given to the man who had written the critique. In speaking of it the dramatist said:

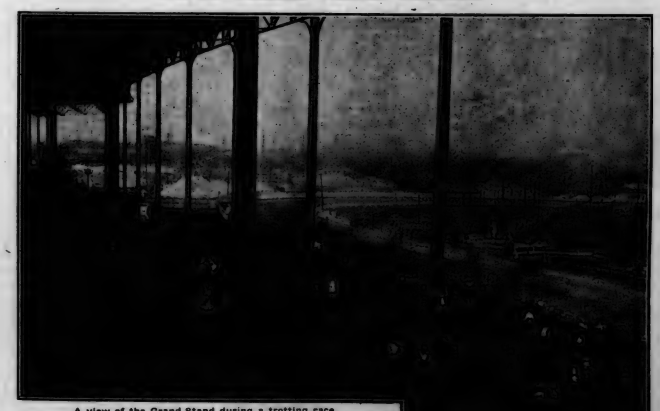
"It was sent to me some time ago and gave me a sensation of gratefulness such as I have seldom been indebted to a critic for. While a still, small voice tells me that possibly you have over-rated the work, I take, all the same, no little encouragement from the article and I thank you most heartily. You understand what I wanted to do even if I did not accomplish my purpose so well as my ambition prompted. There is a line of Robert Browning's which I always have around me:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?"

Not bad for any one of us, don't you think so?

Believe me gratefully and truly yours, CLYDE FITCH.

## At the Canadian National Exhibition.



A view of the Grand Stand during a trotting race.

Judging the heavy horses.

## Limiting His Vision.

The average woman, says one of them, can see ten times further than the average man. To this an anguished writer in the London Daily Chronicle responds as follows:

Man, as one old saying goes,
Rarely sees beyond his nose;
Woman, to make sure of that,
Sits in front and wears her hat.

## In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition

"Children Wading." By W. H. Clapp.

"Peach Blossom." By S. S. Tully, A.R.C.A.

## The Tipping Proposition

RECENTLY SATURDAY NIGHT has had something to say about the absurd lengths to which the tipping evil has run. The following experience of a man who took a trip recently from New York to Atlantic City, related in The New York Sun, is purely humorous and fictitious, and yet it will strike the men readers of this journal as touching a condition which is serious enough, and which is here not greatly exaggerated:

"I went down to Atlantic City a couple of weeks ago," said the man with the trading stamp smoke, "and on the night that I got there, after I'd tucked myself into my little salt air smelly bed, there was something on my mind that kept me awake doing mental arithmetic for quite a while. The something on my mind was a calculation as to the number of tips and how much the same footed up that I had distributed from the beginning of my trip here until putting on my pyjamas to turn in.

"The tipping of course began here. The taxicab motorman who carried me to the station was so agreeable about things—that is, he didn't growl at me or anything—that I gave him two bits in addition to his fare when the taxi reached the ferry station.

"So as to save myself trouble in writing business letters I took a typewriter along with me, and—oh, tut-tush, cut that stuff out; a typewriting machine, I mean, of course. Well, a station porter opened the taxicab door and took my suit case and typewriter and carried them to the ferryboat entrance, where I had to await the arrival of the boat. Supposing that he would be on hand to give me a lift with the suit case and typewriter when the ferryboat arrived I slipped him 15 cents.

"I guess it wasn't enough money, for he didn't come back to pick up my gear when the ferryboat got in, and so I had to nail another station porter to give me a lift with the things. He got them aboard the ferryboat, and as I had nothing smaller than two bits I had to slip him that.

"When the boat reached Jersey City I grabbed another station porter to carry my suitcase and typewriter aboard the train, and I had to hand him—or I did hand him, which is the same thing—a quarter for that job. That made it 90 cents for tips by the time I boarded the train.

"The chair car porter treated me with great affability as soon as he caught sight of me, depositing my suitcase and typewriter alongside my chair, reminding me that my necktie had slipped up on the back of my collar and so on. I told him that I didn't have any change, but that I'd fix him out when we reached Atlantic City. He was sufficiently well disposed to take my word for this and to tell me that it would be all right.

"In view of his engaging demeanor I knew that no mere quarter tip was going to do for him; that the least I could do for him would be a half; a quarter for his caring for my suit case and machine and the regular two bits for the whiskbroom brushoff at the end of the journey. He got the half when the train reached Atlantic City. That made it $1.40 for tips by the time I quit the train at the coast resort.

"A glad smiling station porter grabbed my suit case and machine from my hands when I found myself on the Atlantic City station platform, demanding at the same time to know the name of the hotel at which I was going to register. I told him and he carried my gear to the bus of that hotel, which was drawn up right alongside the platform. This station porter got two bits for his little walk of thirty feet with my hand baggage.

"The porter attached to the hotel bus took my two articles of baggage from the station porter, telling me that he'd see to it that I didn't lose them, so that when the bus pulled up at the hotel I felt indebted to the bus porter in the sum of 25 cents. He got the money.

"This made my tipping account just $1.90 up to the moment that I reached the steps leading to the Atlantic City hotel.

"A bellboy was at the bottom of the steps of the hotel to take my suit case and typewriter from the bus porter. He carried the things to the desk for me, and when I registered and got my key he conducted me to my room. Twenty-five cents for that one, which brought my tipping account up to $2.15 up to the moment of reaching my hotel room.

"The chambermaid, of course, had forgotten to put any water in the wash pitcher of my room since it had last been occupied, and I rang for the chambermaid. The bellhop who answered the ring and went after the chambermaid was so good natured in responding to my call that I handed him a dime for his labor. That, you'll perceive, brought my tip account up to a pat $2.25.

"When the chambermaid after a long delay made her appearance and I asked her for some water for my water pitcher, she looked so sad and aggrieved over it that I felt that the least I could do would be to mitigate her sorrow with a little tip. The smallest I had was a half. The chambermaid got the half, accepting it with an air of the greatest imaginable sadness of spirit. Thus I was $2.75 out on the tip thing up to the time I sat down in the dining room for a bite of dinner.

"The waiter assigned to my table treated me as if he were perfectly confident that I was Charles Schwab or John W. Gates or some well known faro bank proprietor or something. Well, we're all susceptible to the insidious flattery of servitors, so that when my dinner was over I felt that to give that waiter anything smaller than four bits would be pure meanness. He got the half all right, and there I was just $3.25 to the bad on tips when I rose from the table.

"From dinner I dropped into the barber shop for a shave. The shave was a quarter, and I let the wistful-looking barber have 15 cents for himself. That, you'll see, put me back just $3.40 for tips up to that moment.

"From the barber shop I started for my room to get ready for a Broadwalk stroll. When I reached my floor I found I'd forgotten to get my key from the hotel rack. The elevator boy obligingly informed me that I needn't take the trouble to go down to the office—he'd get the key for me. He got the key and 10 cents for his work. That made the tip account three and a half pat.

"After listening to some music on one of the piers I went into a highly ornate cafe for a little drink. The drink cost me 40 cents, but the German waiter who brought it to me was so courtly, so overpowering, in fact, that when he gave me change for my dollar I had to slip him a quarter. That made it $3.75 for tips.

"Before turning in I dropped in at another cafe further down the Broadwalk for a club sandwich and something wet to go with it. Club sandwich was 30 cents and wet thing 30 too. I gave the waiter a measley 20 cents for a tip, which caused him to look sore. But it carried my tip account up to $3.95.

"It was some distance to my hotel, and so being tired I took a rolling chair for the trip. The rolling chair boy's bill for the ride was half a dollar, but he looked at me with such a wounded gazelle eyes that there was nothing for it but to give him a two bits tip. That made it $4.20 for tips.

"I rang for a pitcher of ice water when I reached my room. The boy who brought it deposited it on my washstand and then gazed at me so reproachfully, seeing that I was making no move toward my sagging change pocket, that I handed him the last 15 cents in silver that I had.

"Thus when I had got into my night apparel and switched off the light I found, upon making that little calculation as to tips, that I had distributed just $4.35 in the way of pourboires since starting from New York for Atlantic City.

"Had I been a monkey? That's what I sure had been. But the Broadwalk was jammed with the same kind of simians at the time I lay there thinking about it—and is yet, for that matter!"

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Mrs. J. T. Ormsby." By E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A.

## The Rivals.

AN airship soared in the upper sky,
An eagle watched it with careful eye.
"A wonderful bird," he cried, "we'll see
If it is going to fight like me."

A dove sat watching it skim the blue,
As over the farms and homes it flew.
"A beautiful bird," she cried, "'twill be
If it is a symbol of peace like me."

An owl perceived it at fall of night,
As over the trees it took its flight,
"Quite scientific," he cried, "we'll try
If it is as wise a bird as I."

A hen looked up with a jealous glance
To see it rise in the clear expanse.
"Although it can fly," she said, "I beg
To state the critter can't lay an egg."

—Washington Post.

## Mr. Pickwick's Inn.

THE Leather Bottle Inn of Pickwick fame is still standing in the quaint old village of Cobham. Dickens spent several days and nights there before and after the writing of "Pickwick," and his visitors at Gads Hill were generally taken for a walk through the woods to be shown the picturesque inn.

To-day it is a shrine for Dickens pilgrims, according to The Queen, who visit it in increasing numbers and leave their names in the well worn bulky visitors' books. Still the house remains a village inn of an older time, with low ceilings, oak panels, small windows and heavy furniture.

It is very much as it was when the immortal Boz spent his time there creating the scene which is at least as well known as any other in the story of Mr. Pickwick's feasts and fancies; but the Dickens room, the bar parlor and in fact the whole house is overflowing with prints and pictures and sketches of the famous novelist and the creations of his fertile mind.

It was in the churchyard across the road from the Leather Bottle—as it was then known, though now more often called the Pickwick Inn—that Mr. Pickwick reasoned long and earnestly with the despondent Tupman, who had fortified himself at the Leather Bottle for a premature departure from an unresponsive world.

The one street of the picturesque village of Cobham forms an avenue of neat cottages, with an atmosphere of contented old age characteristic of the county so famously described by Dickens as unapproachable for its "apples, cherries, hops and women." It is in one of the loveliest parts of Kent, about three miles from Rochester.

## Highest Town in the World.

CERRO de Pasco is the highest town in the world. The remarkable broad gauge railway by which it is reached passes over a higher altitude—about that of Mont Blanc—and there are mining camps and Indian villages at greater elevations. It is also (says The London Spectator) true that there are higher railway stations, for on the Arequipa-Puno line the station of Crucero Alto attains the stupendous elevation of 14,660 feet; but at 14,200 feet above the sea level there is no other real town of 8,000 inhabitants, with a railway station, telegraph, telephones churches, shops, clubs, hospitals and vice-consuls. It is a wonderful example of American enterprise.

The section of the railway which runs from Oroya to this town belongs to the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company, and is extremely comfortable, smooth running and fast, considering the gradients. It passes through fine grassy valleys grazed by countless herds of llamas, and the blue sky, the sparkling streams, the snow peaks, combine with the green pastures to give a delightful variety of colors which afford a striking contrast to the uniform brown hue of the barren Chilean Andes.

To get a fair view of Cerro de Pasco it is necessary to go to the top of a high rock near the railway station. The town, with its little thatched houses and narrow streets, lies in a large undulating basin in which the chief features are the tall chimneys and other buildings belonging to the mines. In the distance a large lake can be seen, and all around the horizon is studded with snowcapped heights.

At our feet is a busy scene. The useful Indian is everywhere—now driving herds of llamas, the universal mountain carrier, now riding mules or driving small carriages over the undulating roads—and all his business is a part of the great work of extracting copper and silver from the deep shafts. The rosy cheeks of the Indian children, whose healthy color shines through their brown skin, is an unusual sight in sallow South America, for the climate is healthy and invigorating. In the winter there is a great deal of rain and sleet, but the summer is bright and crisp and all the year round the temperature is equable, one of moderate cold in which the thermometer seldom falls much below freezing point.

Everything at Cerro de Pasco is "run" by the American. There is a spacious club where bowls are played nightly, and in the hollow below there is a baseball ground. Both these games are characteristically American, they are played at high pressure the whole time, the biggest match can be played in about one and a half hours, and the players are near enough to the spectators to hear the comments, encouraging or otherwise, that are liberally bestowed. The hospitality of the Americans is unbounded and the life is one of the utmost good feeling and good fellowship. The only drawback to the visitor's enjoyment is the soroche or mountain sickness, which is almost certain to attack a newcomer unless he ascends by very gentle stages.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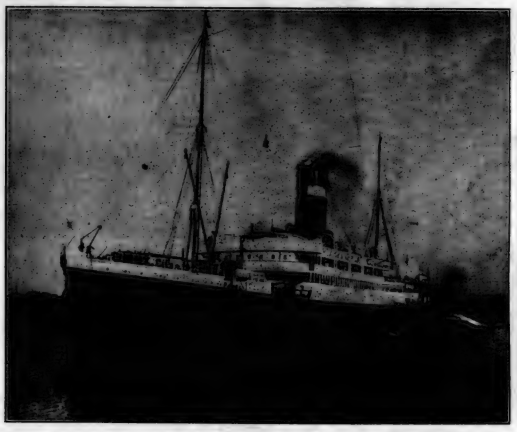

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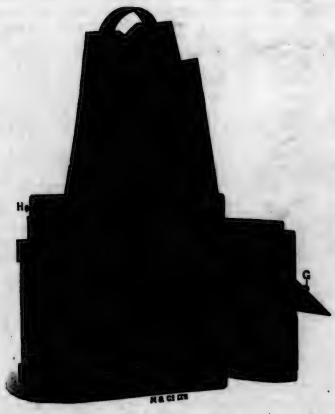

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### FALL HUNTING TRIPS.

With the early chill in the air, the advance agent of Fall is with us, and the ardent sportsmen's thoughts turn to the delights of big and little game hunting. It is not too early to make plans for the hunting trip, and no sportsman should overlook the claims of the splendid hunting country reached by the Canadian Pacific Ry. Hitherto, only reached with arduous tramping, and often the loss of valuable vacation days, the advantage of being able to alight from a luxurious sleeping car into the heart of the primeval wilderness is doubly appreciated. Intending hunters are urged to correspond with R. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent of the C.P.R. at Toronto.

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The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. A. W. Austin and Mr. Walter J. Barr.

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BEVERAGE

# SPORTING COMMENT

NO recent development in Canadian athletics has caused more pleasure to sportsmen generally than the coming together of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union and the Federation. This war, which has now happily come to an end, went on for four years and did much to injure Canadian prestige in sport. The undignified squabbles to which it gave rise, cast a very undesirable light on the athletic situation in a country which has much right to regard itself as second to none in its devotion to clean amateur sport. It also had very unfortunate results with the athletes themselves, and was directly the cause of a great deal of professionalism, whether veiled or open. But all this is now fortunately at an end, and it is to be hoped that no petty and local jealousies will be allowed to seriously disturb the peace that has been brought about with such difficulty. And in this respect there is good ground for hope in the moderate and conciliating attitude of the delegates from both sides at the recent meeting. They showed a willingness to compromise, a readiness to give as well as take, which is of the happiest augury for their future relations. One respect in which this was strikingly shown was in the matter of the mingling of amateurs and professional in lacrosse and hockey. This was the most dangerous point to be considered; but the delegates handled it with judgment. As had been expected, the upholders of strict amateurism were forced to make concessions. But all the delegates showed their desire to do away with professionalism as much as possible and as soon as possible, and there now seems to be every prospect of an ultimate arrival at this very desirable position. At least, they have made a good start.

* * *

THERE has been some talk lately of a proposal to hold the Jeffries-Johnson prize-fight in Canada. Of course, there is little likelihood of such a thing being done, in spite of the fistic aspirations of mining kings. And it won't be done, because the great mass of the Canadian people don't want it. It is one thing to tolerate a few minor bouts, which rarely amount to much more than exhibitions, and quite another thing to permit two bulky bruisers to batter one another into pulp while a whole world looks on. This would make great advertising, of course, but it is a kind of advertising that we don't want. Canada has so many claims to the recognition and attention of the world, that it has nothing to gain in proclaiming itself a stamping-ground for "pugs," large or small. What little room there is for that class of human, is more than taken up by a needlessly large collection of race "touts" and tin-horn gamblers. While a certain amount of legitimate betting at race-tracks has been more or less sanctioned by an ancient tradition, there is a large element of the turf which deserves nothing but condemnation. And Canada has of late been getting rather more than its share of this element. There is therefore this added reason for our refusing to receive the still more undesirable element that would flock to such a spectacle as a struggle for the championship of the world between bruiser Jeffries and bruiser Johnson. Boxing itself is one of the best games in the world, and even among prize-fighters there have been a number of men who deserved respect for their courage and skill, as described in an accompanying article. But there are many and weighty objections to holding the proposed bout in Canada.

* * *

NOWADAYS boxing is regarded by the majority of people, says a writer in Tit-Bits, as a sport to be recommended to the youth of the country, just in the same manner that they advise indulgence in cricket and football. They recognize that the brutality which characterized the old-time prize-ring has been eliminated so far as it is possible to do so, and that the scientific way in which boxing is taught to-day not only strengthens the muscles, but improves the temper and teaches the lesson of self-reliance and self-defence.

Said that great patron of British sport, Lord Lonsdale, on one occasion, "Teach your boy to use his fists and he will never lose his head or fear a stranger," and it is certainly a fact that some of the pluckiest boxers who ever won a contest were the most insignificant-looking men. When, in 1896, Kid Lavigne, America's clever light-weight, came to the National Sporting Club to meet Dick Burge, Lord Lonsdale and other members were thunderstruck. "Why, he is only a bit of a lad," one of them remarked. "Don't you worry about his size," replied his manager. "Burge will find him big enough in the ring."

As a matter of fact, Burge found that Lavigne was a very big handful, and the latter not only won, but his wonderful boxing made the English spectators throw up their hands in astonishment.

Then, again, there was no more deceptive-looking boxer than Kid McCoy, whose slender figure, grace, and intelligence won much general admiration. In ordinary clothes McCoy looked so deficient in muscular power that somebody called him "The Physical Weakling." But no man could hit harder and quicker, and his career as a boxer was most brilliant, until he met his master in Jem Corbett, who beat him in a few rounds in 1900, to the surprise of many people who considered Corbett past his prime.

The latter, whose manners earned for him the sobriquet of "Pompadour

MR. R. H. BAIRD,
The Ontario tennis champion, who has been doing good work in recent tournaments.

Jim," was the beau ideal of the boxing world. He was built on classical lines—lithe, sinewy, and muscular—and his quickness of movement won him many contests. Perhaps the most dramatic of them all was that with Charles Mitchell in 1894. The old champion could do nothing against the matchless skill of "Pompadour Jim," and he was beaten in three rounds.

But when, three years later, Corbett met the famous old champion, Fitzsimmons, there was a different story to tell. Corbett was four years younger than his opponent, nearly two stone heavier, and over an inch taller. For seven rounds he seemed to be far the more skilful boxer, but the pluck and stamina of the older man told in the end, and, seizing an opportunity of delivering his famous "solar plexus" punch, he knocked out Corbett in the fourteenth round.

Mention of Mitchell recalls the dramatic finish and equally dramatic sequel to his match with the redoubtable J. L. Sullivan at Chantilly, twenty-one years ago. Sullivan had the best of the first half-dozen rounds, and then the English boxer began to make the pace. By his nimbleness he outwitted the American champion time after time, and they were still boxing in a determined manner when, in the thirty-ninth round, the referee suggested that they should shake hands and call it a draw.

This they did, but as the combatants were on the road to Paris they were both arrested by gendarmes, who held them up with revolvers. They were admitted to bail, and ultimately landed in London after a particularly disagreeable experience with the authorities.

Mitchell's son, by the way, is one of the cleverest amateur boxers of to-day, as he recently demonstrated when he met Mr. George Cohen, son of a well-known Stock Exchange member, in a fifteen-round contest. It was a splendid match, and provided a surprise result. For while Mr. Mitchell seemed to be more skilful in the early rounds, his opponent lasted better, and ultimately won in the ninth round, with a knock-out blow.

Seen out of the ring, it is difficult to imagine that Fred Welsh, the pride of the Principality, the fair-haired Johnny Summers, Owen Moran, and Jem Driscoll—four of the cleverest boxers before the public to-day—are the heroes of many exciting boxing contests in which their scientific skill has won them numerous laurels.

* * *

AS golf becomes more and more popular and widespread in this country, the caddie question assumes increasing importance. So far, however, it has not assumed anything like its proportions in England and Scotland, where the caddie almost forms a distinct class of society, and very frequently spends all his life carrying "clubs." But there is much to interest local golfers in a recent article by Ernest Lehman in The Bystander. There is, he says, much searching of hearts just now in golfing circles on the perennial caddie question. For years we have been content to jog along, taking our caddie as we found him, now better, now worse, thanking our stars when we had secured a good caddie, and cursing our fate and attributing the loss of our match to the unfortunate beast of burden when we were afflicted with a bad specimen of the class. From time to time some finer spirit, oppressed by a sense of the evils attached to the caddying profession, attempted to start some scheme for bettering the lot of these humble camp-followers of the great game, but in most cases, though the water was provided, the horses, I should say the caddies, refused to drink it, and presently the scheme fell through for want of support on the part of those whom it was meant to benefit. I remember the fate of a goodly number of such well-meant endeavors at St. Andrews. For the caddie—God bless him!—is of much the same nature as Lafontaine's grasshopper. He is apt to be content with the day, and to take no thought of the morrow. Many are the stories told of the experiences, more or less heartbreaking, of some of the early reformers.

But, in spite of all endeavors, the caddie remained a vexed problem, the one unsatisfactory feature of the game. Still, the progress of the game has brought with it many improvements even in the shady department. Just as the law of the survival of the fittest has affected the status of the professional and produced the high standard of living and conduct which has made the present-day professional so immensely superior from all points of view to his predecessor, so this same law has had its inevitable influence on the race of caddies. There is not much chance now at any of our large clubs throughout the kingdom for the wastrel caddie, the caddie who is fit one day and then disappears for several days, afflicted, as they used to explain at St. Andrews in the old days, "with a wee bit cold." That kind of individual soon gets decorated with the order of departure, and the links see him no more. But it has been generally recognized that this is not enough. That boys fresh from the Board School should take up caddying as a profession is very often natural, but not often conducive to their best interests in after-life. It is rather a terrible outlook that a boy should condemn himself to the sterile occupation of carrying clubs for the rest of his life.

Some few, no doubt, rise from the ranks of burden and become professionals. But these are the rare exceptions, and though Taylor may be quoted as a shining example for emulation, it is far from the truth to say that each caddie carries, to paraphrase Napoleon's famous dictum, the club of a future champion in his bag. Although at many clubs there is a certain proportion of grown-up men of various ages who carry clubs, yet the vast majority is composed of young boys just verging on the important stage of their life. It is these young people who constitute the crux of the caddie question. I am, therefore, following with much interest the endeavor now being made by the Sunningdale Club to place the question on a satisfactory footing. Those who are interested in the question should read the articles now being contributed by Mr. H. S. Colt to Golf Illustrated, in which the method pursued by the club is explained in detail. Here we have a well-considered and well-thought-out plan for the betterment of the lot of the caddie. By dint of an evening school caddies will be trained for various professions, so that when they reach manhood they shall be able to enter various trades. I trust that this excellent and wise system will be imitated by clubs throughout the kingdom.

PLAYFAIR.

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Fresh from our sunlit bakery. Crisp, delicious, nutritious. Try it for breakfast with milk or cream, salt to taste.

# THE DRAMA

MARION POLLOCK JOHNSON
As "Hilda" in "The Wolf."

ONE knew from the start how it was all going to turn out. The long, lean, and lank lawyer from Kokomo, "the man from home," was bound to triumph over the effete aristocracy of Europe. The Russian fugitive who turned up so opportunely at the hotel in Sorrento was clearly destined to put a spoke in the wheel of the bold, bad earl; and anyone gifted with the most ordinary insight could tell from the way he walked that the owner of the automobile was the Grand Duke. And, of course, to end it all, the girl was bound to come around to a proper appreciation of the shrewd intelligence and homely virtues of the Hoosier attorney.

DOROTHY DONNELLY
In "Madame X."

Frankly, the plot is of the most machine-made variety. The characters, too, are of the same conventional type. But still the play is a great success. It is a bright, snappy comedy, full of clever lines and amusing situations, and the interest is carried on without a lapse from start to finish. It is also well acted, and excellently staged. Henry Hall, who plays the role of the western lawyer, created by William Hodge, does a fine piece of character work. Everything from his slow smile and his drawl to his habit of sitting on the small of his back is in perfect keeping. He gets the full value of every point entrusted to him, and the number of these points is legion. The supporting cast, too, is a well balanced and capable one. Altogether, "The Man from Home" sets a record for clean, bright entertainment, which it will be difficult to beat.

* * *

AN Anna Held show without Anna of the bewitching eyes is apt to fall a trifle flat, and this is one's experience at "The Parisian Model," in spite of a fairly good cast, a satisfactory chorus, and a quite adequate setting. Grace Hazard works hard, but she has little of the attractiveness of the chic Parisienne who created the role. The result, therefore, is that there are places where the interest drags. The whole production was intended as an elaborate setting for one particular star, and when that central luminary is removed the resulting void is somewhat of the aching variety. But the show still contains some tuneful numbers, and the chorus is not bad to look at. This enables one to sit through an evening of mild amusement, without suffering from vacancy of mind, and equally without danger from excitement to the weakest heart.

* * *

THIS week witnessed the opening of another theatre—or rather, of an old theatre in a new character. The Majestic has ceased to be an emporium of thrills melodramatic, and has gone into the vaudeville line. It is now the Toronto house of the Morris Vaudeville Circuit. This is a welcome event. There is room in this city for a couple of good vaudeville houses, and the Morris circuit is well known. Besides the first week's production speaks well for the future excellence of the fare at the new vaudeville house. The announcement for the season, too, contains a number of distinguished names, such as Harry Lauder, Cissie Loftus, Amelia Bingham, Charles Grapewin, Julian Eltinge and even James J. Corbett and James J. Jeffries.

* * *

THE recent death of the popular American dramatist, Clyde Fitch, will bring regret to many thousands who have received pleasure from the creations of his nimble brain. Fitch was not one of the great geniuses of Stageland, but he was a clever and also a careful workman, and he had the knack of presenting stage-pictures which average people like to witness, and of drawing characters and incidents which hold the interest of the ordinary spectator. Thus was he able to contribute greatly to the pleasure of the public, and the public, which is generous to those who find favor in its sight, rewarded him with much money. His income from his plays was estimated as high as $150,000 a year; and he has had as many as four popular successes playing at once in New York. But now his day is done. His dexterous fingers have let slip the wires on which are hung his puppets. The showman has fallen asleep behind his curtain. The great public shakes its head regretfully for the show that is over, and then hurries off to some other booth in the Fair, some booth where a new showman is manipulating new wires and freshly painted puppets. For this is Vanity Fair and the performance is continuous, whatever be the fate of individual showmen or individual shows.

* * *

WILLIAM WINTER has ceased to be an active dramatic critic—he has resigned from the staff of the New York Tribune, where he wielded his opinions on things theatrical for forty years. He may still enjoy an occasional outburst in the magazines, but as a critical volcano, he will no longer be seen in constant eruption—certainly not in New York Tribune. His resignation resulted from disagreement with the editors of that journal culminating, says the New York Press (August 20), where Mr. Winter makes his statement, in the refusal of the newspaper to print some articles attacking Abraham Erlanger, the head of the Theater Trust, and criticizing other producers of low and unprofitable drama. How the public may regard his loss to The Tribune is intimated in the Brooklyn Eagle's statement that it "has lost a distinction which has been its possession for forty years, and which it is not likely to regain in kind." The "reading public interested in the theatre sustains a loss," continues this editorial writer, " and the only person who sustains none is Mr. Winter, since he passes from the active stage in the full efflorescence of his ripened powers." The Eagle writer continues:

JAMES K. HACKETT,
In vaudeville next week.

"There will be wide-spread regret. Mr. Winter is in the fulness of his powers. He is the leading dramatic critic of America. As such he overshadowed all contemporaries. During his long service, men have come and gone, rivals have threatened his supremacy, but he has moved on serenely to a distinction wholly his own and almost unique in its superiority.

"He is a man learned in the literature of all stages of the known world, ancient and modern. To the consideration of a performance he brings a keen perception, an analytic mind, a wealth of knowledge, an abundance of the power of comparison, and a taste and refinement that are unerring. To his desk he brings and has always brought a literary style that is precise, delightful, and most picturesque. He was the intimate and the confidant of all the great figures of a generation of players now passed from life. He may have been influenced by them. Possibly he was, but it is equally true that he influenced many of them. At this period of his active life he shows no diminution of power. His style is as graceful, as vigorous, and as picturesque as it ever was. In later years he discovered in his writings an authority that sometimes took on the hue of dogmatism, but if he were attacked he quickly showed that he had abundant reason for his conclusions. Always a live wire, he is dangerous to handle without non-conducting gloves."

WILLIAM WINTER,
The famous Dramatic Critic of the New York Tribune, who has resigned because he was not allowed entire liberty of opinion.

Sympathetic also with the public's loss is the statement of the Boston Transcript. "Without the lucid, emphatic, clear-sighted, and somtimes ultra-prejudiced dramatic criticisms of William Winter, the New York Tribune will lose no little of its distinction." The Transcript is not, however, insensible to the fact that Mr. Winter is out of sympathetic touch with many of the modern tendencies in the playhouse. We read:

"It would be folly to ignore the personal bias that too frequently entered into Mr. Winter's commentary, and it would be unjust not to record that he was an implacable enemy of Ibsen and the entire school of modern dramatic writing that has made the present epoch one of the most striking and original in all dramatic literature. In recent years the one great defect that minimized his critical judgment was an overpowering contemplation of the past and an ineradical belief in its superiority and permanence. These, however, were characteristics that helped to make Mr. Winter's reputation and that contributed not a little to the force of and curiosity in his writing. He was, above all, an exponent of the dignity of the theatre and of dramatic criticism, and his service for high ideals and the best artistic results has made his work a power for the good of the stage. There were many tides of popularity that he could not stem, but he never feared or failed to fight manfully against them. He was one of the few real dramatic critics of this or of any age, and his retirement is a distinct loss to the theatre as well as to journalism."

## NEXT WEEK'S BILLS

Princess—"Madame X" and "King Dodo."
Royal Alexandra—"The Wolf."
Grand—"The Gingerbread-Man."
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Majestic—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Billy W. Watson.

MUCH interest centres in the coming production at the Princess of "Madame X," the play which has created such a sensation in Paris, where it has proved to be one of the greatest successes in years. This is all the more astonishing in view of the fact that it was written by Alexandre Bisson, the famous writer of farces, whom no one had ever regarded as the likely creator of a poignant problem play. But he has managed to depict a situation of splendid dramatic possibilities, and the result has been an altogether sensational success. The whole plot centres on the scene in court, where a woman—who refuses to give any clue to her identity and so is dubbed "Madame X"—is being tried for murder. By a singular train of circumstances, the judge happens to be the husband she had left for another man, and her counsel is the son whom she had deserted as a child. This is certainly an unusual situation, full both of possibilities and of difficulties. But Mr. Bisson would seem to have taken the fullest advantage of the one, while managing to avoid the other. This much, at least, is indicated by his success. "Madame X" will be at the Princess for the latter half of the week, beginning Thursday night. The first three nights and the Wednesday matinee will be devoted to "King Dodo," which is too well known to require any notice further than the statement that the company and setting as said to be entirely worthy of the popular musical comedy.

ELEANOR KENT
In "King Dodo."

* * *

The great Northwest is the scene of "The Wolf," the play which comes to the Royal Alexandra next week. It is by Eugene Walter, the young American newspaperman, who leaped into fame and about three thousand a week by that remarkable drama of contemporary American life, "Paid in Full." The present production, however, is of an entirely different type, and belongs to the field which, in literature, has been exploited with such excellent financial results by Jack London. But listen to Alan Dale on the subject:—"Let me say right here, without further parley, that in 'The Wolf' Mr. Eugene Walter has most assuredly confirmed our impression that he is a 'find.' His second play is a melodrama, vivid but primitive, vital but unfledged. It is direct, terse, capitally written, sincere and free from

(*Concluded on page* 18.)

INEZ GIRARD,
In "The Gingerbread Man."

Proof of the premier position held by the

**Heintzman & Co. Piano**

(Made by ye olde firme of Heintzman & Co., Ltd.)

that is not easily gainsaid is found in the strong place this great Canadian-made piano holds with the world's greatest artists like Nordica, Calve, Albani, Plunket Greene, Friedheim, Jonas, Burmeister, De Pachmann and leaders of musical culture in all parts of our own Dominion.

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POPULAR WEDNESDAY MATINEE

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THE GREATEST OF ALL
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KING DODO

BY DIXLEY & LUDERS

AN EXCEPTIONAL CAST
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HENRY W. SAVAGE
WILL OFFER THE
TREMENDOUS DRAMA
OF HEART-THROBS
NOW THE
SENSATION OF
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Madame X

An Immense Production
A Phenomenal Cast Including
DOROTHY DONNELLY
ROBERT DROUET
WILLIAM ELLIOTT
W. H. DENNY
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Wm. Morris Inc., Managers.
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Refined Society Vaudeville
JAS. K.
HACKETT
and His Capable Company
in conjunction with
10 Other Feature Acts
Matinee Daily 2:15
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PRICES, 25c and 50c
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MATS.—THUR., SAT.
WEEK SEPT. 13
Sam. S. and Lee Shubert present
THE WOLF
By Eugene Walter
A Realistic Drama of the Canadian Woods.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
MATINEES:
Wednesday and Saturday.
The Merriest of all Musical Fantasies
THE GINGERBREAD MAN
Music by A. Baldwin Sloane.
Book by Frederick Rankin.
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Dr. Johnson was never known to eat ice cream.

Mrs. Hemans did not wear peek-a-boo waists.

Dante never called his "Inferno" profane history.

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# MUSIC

WERE it possible for Joseph Addison to become revivified and to visit among us, methinks the genial author of The Spectator, armed with his quill of good-natured irony, would be moved in one of his quaintly capitalized essays to engage in a Discourse upon Audiences.

Persuaded by that Curiosity which ever possessed him to observe the Behavior of Mankind, to study the Passions and Interests that control various Persons in the Duties and Relations of Life, mayhap the genial Joseph might chance to enter one of our Great Concert Halls. What doth he there see?

Forsaking his familiar Coffee-house upon the stroke of Seven, he saunters gently along the Crowded Thoroughfares and reaches the Hall of Musick within a Quarter of Eight. Save for the presence of Certain of the Common People, a Series and Array of Empty Seats meet the Eye. The Nobility and Gentry are not yet arrived.

Shortly, the Musick commenseth; and this provides the Signal, at least so might it appear, for the Entrance of the Superiority of this Populous City. For the space of Half an Hour there pour in the Representatives of Gallantry and Fashion, with such bowing and curtesying, such cheerful Aspect and Liveliness of Spirit, that friend Joseph might well suppose that he had got into a Levy through some Error.

All this time the Musick vies with the Noise and Bustle; but with Ill Success, for at the Cessation of each Part or Movement a fresh Inrush of Refined Persons causes a Great Stir which is only Moderately Hushed about the time the next Selection hath drawn to a close.

At length, the Musick seizes upon a Judicious Moment in which to cease, whereupon ensues a Mighty Clapping of Hands in which friend Joseph joins. From this he desists after contributing a reasonable Amount of Applause; but in this course he is alone, for the Assembly seems bent upon expressing its Approbation with much Vehemence, long after the Performers have Repeatedly bowed their Gratitude and Acknowledgments. Indeed, the Audience plies itself to this Task with such Vigor that it would seem that a Mania had gripped them. To divert them from this Dangerous Condition, the Terrified Performers make shift to render what is known as an Encore. This fortunately Ameliorates the Malady, and the Musick is proceeded with.

Several times during the evening this Remarkable Phenomenon occurs, occasioning such Delay in the Programme that the our of Twelve is well nigh reached before the Gathering breaks up.

* * *

The Toronto College of Music, F. H. Torrington, musical director, opened on Wednesday, September 1, 1909, for the coming season. As an earnest of the season's work, students have registered steadily for some time past at the main college, Pembroke street, and at the branches, West Toronto, 1781 Dundas street north western, 47 Hepborne street, east end, 215 De Grassi street. The date of the annual concert of the College at Massey Hall will be shortly announced. The College calendar and syllabus may be had upon application to the secretary.

* * *

The season's rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Choir will begin on Tuesday evening next at the music hall of the Conservatory of Music. Well balanced, virile and of refined quality as last season's chorus was, which sang in Toronto and Chicago, the great care which has been taken in the reorganization of the chorus this year has resulted in an even finer body of singers than has ever been enrolled by the society.

This season's repertoire will again be worthy of the chorus and will, it is believed, arouse more widespread interest than ever before. The policy of the conductor and society, will, as in the past, be to faithfully carry out any promises made to the public, and to maintain a dignity of repertoire and a standard of performance which local music patrons now have a right to expect. The principal works to be taken up will be Brahms' *magnum opus*, the "German Requiem," which created so profound an impression several years ago, and the ultra-modern, dramatic legend, "The Children's Crusade," the greatest triumph of the eminent French composer, Gabriel Pierne, who has been specially honored by the city of Paris in connection with this great work.

Shorter works, most of them new, by Lassen, Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Gavaert, Raff, Granville Bantock, Max Bruch, Cesar Franck and others will also be included in the season's repertoire.

With the co-operation of the superb Theodore Thomas Orchestra, which will participate in all of the five concerts of the society, and the assistance of soloists of the rank of Busoni, the great pianist; Mrs. Rider Kelsey and Mrs. Herdien Sharp, sopranos; Mr. George Hamlin, tenor; Mr. Marion Green, baritone, the offerings of the Mendelssohn Choir for this season bid fair to create a record for the society.

Yolanda Mero, pianiste, who will be seen in Toronto the coming season.

Notwithstanding the verdict of Mr. W. L. Hubbard, the eminent critic of the Chicago Tribune, that the singing of the Mendelssohn Choir was "comparable to nothing save similar excellencies found in the performances of an orchestra of the finest kind, representing a perfection in choral singing which it had scarcely been deemed possible human voices could attain," the conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir believes that the present season will mark an advance in both temperamental and technical qualities over any previous season's achievement of the society.

* * *

The London Musical Herald states that Dr. Coward, of Sheffield, has obtained the full complement of singers for the proposed choral tour of Canada, United States, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. This will be welcome news, particularly since a special effort is being made to secure a representative choir of picked voices from Yorkshire generally. Doubtless, many of the inartistic and other mistakes of last year's tour of the Sheffield Choir through Canada will be avoided in the next visit, which will take place either in 1911 or 1912. A royal welcome again awaits Dr. Coward and his pilgrims when they again appear in Canada.

* * *

Dr. Albert Ham is back from his European trip, and will commence the serious work of the season with reference to the National Chorus at once. Rehearsals for the adult chorus have been called for as follows: Male section, Thursday, the 14th inst.; ladies' section, Saturday, the 16th, and the first full rehearsal on Monday, the 18th, all to be held in the Conservatory of Music Hall. The more important works to be studied will be the finale of the first act of "Parsifal," the prologue of Boito's "Mefistofele," and Miller's "Song of Victory," the latter chosen especially on account of the engagement of Miss Alice Nielson as soprano soloist. The "Parsifal" and "Mefistofele" excerpts will afford Dr. Ham the opportunity of introducing a selected choir of boy singers specially trained by himself. In the successful production of boys' voices, Dr. Ham has gained considerable reputation, and has been referred to by such musicians as Sir Frederick Bridge and other lecturers of note as an authority on the subject. The unaccompanied works will include numbers of Bortnianski, Sullivan, Pearsall, Leslie and others, and altogether the concerts of the National, which will be given on January 18 and 19 in Massey Hall, promise to be fully up to the high standard already attained by this enterprising society. As already announced, the services of the Toronto Orchestra are arranged for, and combined orchestral and choral rehearsals will be one of the pleasing features of the preparatory work.

* * *

Mr. Ernest Johnson, L.R.A.M., is a young Torontonian whom I recently had the pleasure of hearing play the violin. Mr. Johnson studied with Heinrich Klingenfelt in Toronto, Albert Zimmer in Brussels, and Alfred De Reyghere in London, Eng., so that his training has been of the best. His tone and technique are admirable, and one is particularly impressed with the sympathetic temperament which he reveals in his performances. As a young Torontonian who has made good, it is a pleasure to welcome Mr. Johnson to the ranks of our local professionals.

* * *

Friends of Mr. Rechab Tandy, vocal teacher, will be pleased to see him looking so well after his serious illness. Early last spring Mr. Tandy was forced to drop all work owing to a severe attack of pneumonia, but after a summer spent in convalescing he has completely regained his old time health, and expects to continue his work as vocal teacher and tenor soloist. For the present, Mr. Tandy's studio will be at 1 Vermont avenue.

* * *

The interest taken in the announcement of the French horn scholarship offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music has been very encouraging, and those desiring to enter the competition are reminded that no applications will be received after September 15.

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# ANECDOTAL

COUNT D'ORSAY, on his first visit to England, chanced to be seated at dinner next to Lady Holland. That remarkable and many-sided woman was in one of her imperious humors. She dropped her napkin; the Count picked it up gallantly; then her fan, then her fork, then her glass, and, as often, her neighbor stooped and restored the lost article.

At last, however, the patience of youth gave way, and, on her dropping her napkin again, he turned and called one of the footmen behind him.

"Put my plate on the floor," said he; "I will finish my dinner there: it will be so much more convenient to Lady Holland."

* * *

EVERY instructor at Chautauqua is required to fill out a paper answering a number of necessary and unnecessary questions. One year there was a remarkably handsome male member of the faculty in whom all the girl students were much interested.

"Is he married or unmarried?" became an all-absorbing question. Finally some of them had the courage to approach the college secretary and ask if the files might be looked over. And there the handsome professor, anticipating, perhaps, some such investigation, had recorded his matrimonial pretensions as follows:

"Married or single?—Yes."

* * *

M. DE VILLEMESSANT, the founder of the Paris Figaro, being insulted daily in a Belgian paper by a writer whose nom de plume was "Marco Spada," took the train to Brussels, with two friends and a pair of swords. On his arrival, he wrote to "Marco Spada" that at two p.m. sharp he should call on him to arrange an encounter. On the stroke of two, M. de Villemessant appeared at the editorial office, and asked for "Marco Spada."

What was his amazement on seeing an old lady, all wrinkled and with curls above her ears, appear from behind a small window, and on hearing the reply:

"I am 'Marco Spada,' sir, and am at your orders!"

* * *

PRINCE BISMARCK was once pressed by a certain American official to recommend his son for a diplomatic place.

"He is a very remarkable fellow," said the proud father; "he speaks seven languages."

"Indeed," said Bismarck, who did not hold a very high opinion of linguistic acquirements; "what a wonderful head-waiter he would make."

* * *

IN a certain church in Ireland, a young priest took for his text: "The Feeding of the Multitude." But he said: "And they fed ten people with ten thousand loaves and ten thousand fishes."

Thereat an old Irishman said: "That's no miracle; begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday, the priest announced the same text, but he said it right this time—"And they fed ten thousand people on ten loaves of bread and ten fishes." He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said: "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied: "Sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it?" said the priest.

"Sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

* * *

A TRAVELLER in Tennessee came across an aged negro seated in the front of his cabin door basking in the sunshine.

"He could have walked right on the stage for an Uncle Tom part without a line of make-up," says the traveller. "He must have been eighty years of age."

"Good morning, uncle," said the stranger.

"Mornin', sah! Mornin'," said the aged one. Then he added, "Be you the gentleman over yonder from New York?"

Being told that such was the case, the old darky said, "Do you mind telling me something that has been botherin' my old haid? I have got a grandson—he runs on the Pullman cyars—and he done tells me that up thar in New York you all burn up youah folks when they die. He is a powerful liar, and I don't believe him."

"Yes," replied the other, "that is the truth in some cases. We call it cremation."

"Well, you suttenly surprise me," said the negro, and then he paused as if in deep reflection. Finally he said, "You-all know I am a Baptist. I believe in the resurrection and the life everlastin' and the comin' of the Angel Gabriel and the blowin' of that great horn, and Lawdy me, how am they evah goin' to find them folks on that great mawnin'?"

It was too great a task for an off-hand answer, and the suggestion was made that the aged one consult his minister. Again the negro fell into a brown study, and then he raised his head and his eyes twinkled merrily, and he said in a soft voice:

"Meanin' no offense, sah, but from what Ah have heard about New York, I kinder calcerlate they is a lot of them New York people that doan' wanter to be found on that mornin'."

Macdougall: "Yon's an awfu' like sight to see on the Sawbath, Angus!"
Angus: "And what awfu' like sight do ye see, Macdougall?"
Macdougall: "There's Airchie an' his lass smiling and hurrying as if it was a weekday, just."

* * *

A NEGRO preacher in a Georgia town was edified on one occasion by the recital of a dream had by a member of his church.

"I was a-dreamin' all dis time," said the narrator, "dat I was in Ole Satan's dominions. I tell you, pahson, dat was shore a bad dream!"

"Was dere any white men dere?" asked the dusky divine.

"Shore dere was—plenty of 'em," the other hastened to assure his minister.

"What was dey a-doin'?"

"Ebery one of 'em," was the answer, "was a-holdin' a cullud pusson between him an' de fire!"

* * *

J. M. BARRIE is a member of the Athenæum Club in Pall Mall. On his first appearance there, it is said, he once asked for some information from a gentleman sitting near him. To his great surprise the older member not only told him all he wanted to know, but insisted on Mr. Barrie dining with him and taking supper afterward, though neither of them knew the other's name.

Upon Mr. Barrie protesting that he could not possibly accept so much kindness from a stranger the other immediately replied: "Don't mention it; don't mention it. Why, I've belonged to this club for twenty-five years and you are the very first member who has ever spoken to me."

* * *

THE girls had seen a picture of the life-saving fire corps organized by the young ladies of an English town, and decided to form a similar brigade. The drill consisted in getting around a large blanket and holding it to catch unfortunates who should jump from the second or third stories of burning dwellings. But the fair members of the corps wanted some real practice. After much persuasion a young man, deeply enamored of one of the members, was prevailed upon to fall into the blanket from the top of a barn.

The life-savers gathered one afternoon, attired in becoming uniform, and twelve gathered around the blanket and took a firm grip. Then the accommodating young man climbed up on the roof of the building, made ready, and jumped. Each girl was gazing upward, and at the terrible sight of a man falling through the air they were all so shocked that, without thinking, twenty-four hands went up to as many eyes to shut out the view. The brave young man is still confined to his room.

* * *

LORD GREENFIELD, being asked to buy something of a smart young matron who kept a table at a Ladies' Fair, said that he wanted what was not for sale, a lock of her hair. Whereupon she promptly cut off the coveted curl and handed it to him, naming the price—a hundred dollars. Later the purchaser was showing his trophy to a little circle of friends.

"She rather had you there," laughed one benedict. "To my certain knowledge, she only paid three dollars for the entire bunch."

* * *

THE story is told of an elderly woman, a member of the "inner circle" of Philadelphia society, who was much affected by news of the death of a man of social aspirations which had not, it is sad to relate, been aided by his well-known benevolence.

"Mr. Blank was in many respects an admirable character," said the old lady, "and it was a real pity that his lowly origin made impossible our recognition of him. Poor, dear, vulgar creature! We would not know him in Philadelphia, but we shall meet him in Heaven!"

* * *

A MAN living in Charleston during the earthquake there years ago felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, but sent his six-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father:

"Send us your earthquake and take back your boy."

* * *

IN the window of a little book-store in Eighth avenue, New York, was recently heaped a great pile of Bibles, marked very low—never before were Bibles offered at such a bargain; and above them all, in big letters, was the inscription:

"Satan trembles when he sees
Bibles sold as low as these."

Pat: "It's a quare thrade he has, to be sure."
O'Grady: "I belave there's great money in ut, annyway."
Pat: "Begob, it's in the thrades without sinse or purpose at all that the money is made."

THE negro, although proverbially improvident, sometimes has his weather eye open.

A man gave a dime to a young darky who had done him some trifling service. The darky handed it back. "Now, Marse Billy," he said, "you knows I doan' want no pay for what I does for you. Jes gimme dat ole suit o' clo'es youse got on."

"All is fair in love and war."
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Tickets and further information at City Ticket Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. Phone Main 4209.

WESTERN EXCURSIONS, SEPT. 16, 17, 18.
The Canadian Pacific Railway will sell return tickets from Toronto and all stations in Ontario to Detroit, Saginaw, Bay City, Grand Rapids, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis at special reduced rates, good going Sept. 16, 17 and 18, and good for return until October 4th. Train service unexcelled. Ask any Canadian Pacific agent for full information concerning rates, train times, etc.

The Heiress—Do you think that more tall men marry than short ones? The Hunter—I think men who are short are the ones who marry most frequently.

## Lady Gay's Column

WHEN the flying machine microbe gets into a man's brain it is there to stay. Men don't begin to build aeroplanes or whatever brand of flier they incline to, and drop the notion, if they are bumped out with smashed bones, or immersed in some inopportune lake or ocean. They go to the hospital or the Turkish baths for a shorter or longer treatment, and emerge more determined than ever to emulate the little dicky-birds. There is a boy, a big brown husky chap with a serious face now fussing around the aeroplane at the east end, upon whom the microbe has gotten in its full time. He was peaceably following his daily round in a situation in Gotham when the bee got in his bonnet. He begged the flying machinist to bring him to this burg, in any capacity he chose, so long as he might be mixed up in the running of the aeroplane. The flier sternly refused to encourage the microbe and left Gotham and the earnest youth

Bras D'Or Lakes, Cape Breton, N.S.

far behind. A morning or so after the aeroplane got here, the flier found the brown young man with his little "gepack" waiting for him at the tent. He had said farewell to home and mother, given up his situation, and here he was, serious, brown and brawny, begging for the chance to potter about with the solder-can, the pincers and the various odds and ends which go to rig up a flying-machine. I watched him, in his yet boyish strength and purpose, and saw how absorbed and thoroughly happy he is, and wondered if it's in him to get far beyond his employer and good friend, some day, or will the disease die out, and leave him for the future immune? 'Tis a far cry from the Master-Mind on the beautiful hillside at Baddeck, to the brown faced, bare-armed lad at Scarboro', but the same wee beastie bit each of them after all!

It was a happy day that introduced me to Dr. Graham Bell, as one would choose to meet great people, under their own roof, and with hand-clasp of welcome and kindly after-hospitalities. Somehow, it scarcely seems worth while to catch a passing glimpse of big men—a touch of the hand, a conventional remark, or even a little chat at some big function, and I am apt not to bother to secure these glimpses. But this time I got my man the other way, and enjoyed the opportunity in leisure and great content. A leonine type is Dr. Bell, with silver white beard and hair, big shoulders and sturdy legs, a warm grip of the hand and a musical full voice. In his hillside home, looking down on the exquisite Bras d'Or Lakes, he is a prince of hospitality, as the good people of Baddeck have reason to know. Never a celebrity comes to him for a little visit, but an invitation flashes across the water to those pleasant folk to come over for tea at Beinn Breagh, and a motor boat or two is sent to fetch them to the wharf at the foot of that noble bluff on which the beautiful home stands. Buckboards and carryalls are waiting to drive the party up the winding road to the wide-open portals, and Dr. Bell is standing at the door to welcome them. I watched him once greeting such a party, in his genial but lordly way and I cherish the memory as a study of courtly politeness that exceeds anything I have ever seen. One is fascinated by the brilliant eyes of this wonderful inventor; such eyes, blazing with some stupendous power, or melting to tenderness over the little form of the latest baby grand-child, or solicitously watching the steps of the pale young mother, as she passes by. There seems nothing but those grand dark eyes, beneath the heavy eyebrows, the master soul shining out, when one talks with Dr. Graham Bell. Outside the home are gardens, a fountain, beautiful sylvan drives; one, leading back from the home, down the mountain, is called the Golden Wedding Drive, I believe in honor of the celebration of the Master's parents' golden wedding day. The view from the high observation tower on the summit, or the terrace, and from all the little arbors placed about the mountain is lovely, and the air! Ah, well; go to the Bras d'Or Lakes and you'll find what you've been wanting all your life. The mistress of Beinn Breagh is tall and graceful and beautifully gowned; she has the interest of being one of those whom Dr. Bell has taught to speak, without the sense of hearing. Her voice is low, her manner timid, her observation and understanding of what one says, merely by the motion of one's lips, wonderful. She moves gracious and serene, unconscious of any of the clamor of the world, watchful of the least wish of her guests, divining it, seemingly, brightly intelligent, cultured, and devoted to her kingly lord and master. The story of their courtship and marriage is a delightful bit of romance, and one more than believes it, when one has seen this interesting and charming couple.

What queer folk one encounters roaming about the summer time haunts! 'Way down in Cape Breton I happened on an old soldier in petticoats. She was a natural born fighter, and had been on the warpath for forty years. When I fell foul of her she had just fought her way through

The Falls, Whycocomagh, N.S.

Nova Scotia and was beginning a warfare in Cape Breton. Her husband and half a dozen children were quiet in their graves. One couldn't weep over that! But somehow, despite the scalps hanging before her wigwam, I discerned something irresistible about this battle-scarred veteran, and annexed her for a trip to the beauty places on the Lakes. It was the funniest partnership you ever heard of. The old dame had evidently been taken up "pitifully" before, and she bristled with mistrust and suspicions. She was alert and curious about my expenditure and very secretive about her own, but I soon found out that she never paid out a cent unless under compulsion. She beat her way on busses, and I was waylaid by righteously indignant rustics for divers dimes and quarters, which, of course, I smilingly refused to pay, in addition to those I owed. "The old woman," as they called her, rode and vanished, and I being a substantial person incapable of such agility, was called to account. I often wonder how much she saved on busses alone? At the various hotels, where I exerted my finest tact and patience to get even passable accommodation, she nearly wrecked my hopes by bulldozing the landladies until they cut her dead, and when I had secured what I wanted for both of us, she was wont to remark: "You just let 'em see you'll stand none of their nonsense, and they'll come to time. I know the breed. I've lived for fifteen years in rooms in New York." If I secured a room with a nice bed and a cot in it, she would rush in and spread her effects on the bed, remarking when I arrived: "I never can sleep a wink in a cot. They're healthy and nice for them that can!" I soon discovered that she was a valuable asset, because the landladies evidently sympathized with me deeply and I assumed that weary but patient manner one would naturally achieve in the train of an old warrior. Many a nice tit-bit, and impromptu drive or row came my way, in which my bellicose comrade had no part. And finally, I had my triumph, for when it became necessary for me to set out forthwith for Newfoundland or not get there at all, she said heartily: "I wish you'd come and live with me in New York. I like you, and I have plenty for both of us." Then her militant voice broke, and she murmured: "I'm a lonely old woman, you see, and I get into lonely ways! I'm tired of fighting landladies, and paying for every little turn done for me. We've had a good time together, and I wish it would last." And so I left her, flotsam and jetsam in her old age, but before the boat sailed I heard her in a savage dispute with a carter who charged her a dime for bringing down her trunk to the dock! Some day, I think I shall write a few of the tales she told me of her experiences. They'll make weird reading!

LADY GAY.

CRICKETERS, particularly, will be interested in a story of the veteran player, Tom Emmett, which has been recalled in connection with the recent visit of the Australian team to England. It was when Tom made a voyage to Australia with Lord Harris's team. During the crossing of the Bay of Biscay poor Tom was prostrate with *mal-de-mer*, but one fine morning, when they had got into smooth water, Tom crawled timidly up the companion ladder and halted, his face just high enough to look over the ship's side and to see his lordship enjoying a cigarette on deck. His lordship opened the conversation.

"Glad to see you out, Tom; but you don't look very well."

"No," replied Tom, "I don't feel very bright." Then, taking a look overboard, "I'm glad they've had the heavy roller on at last, my lord."

THE brakeman was a novice, and on his first run there was a very steep grade mount. The engineer always had more or less trouble to get up this grade, but this time he came near sticking. He almost lost his head. Eventually, however, he reached the top.

At the station that crossed the top, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said, with a sigh of relief:

"I tell you what, my lad, we had a job to get up there, didn't we?"

"We certainly did," said the new brakeman, "and if I hadn't put the brake on we'd have slipt back."

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "The Battle of Lundy's Lane." By C. W. Jefferys.


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The interesting feature of this is that these suits are exact copies of imported styles that would cost you at least from $10.00 to $15.00 more, and the materials and tailoring not one whit better, if as good, also original models that reflect great credit upon our designing department. You would do well to inspect our Suits and Cloaks before making a selection. There is a reason, not only the price, but exclusiveness at any price.

**See our special line at $22.50**



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**Thirsty?** Come in and get a glass of Coca-Cola—it quenches the thirst.

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THREE Irishmen were stopping at a second-rate hotel, and one of them imbibed so freely at the bar that he had to be carried to his room, in which also slept a negro in a separate bed. His comrades, as a practical joke on him, proceeded to paint the Irishman's face black. In the morning, when awakened by the proprietor, he got up, and happened to catch sight of himself in the mirror.

"Oh, bejabers," he exclaimed, "if the blamed idiots haven't gone and woke the nigger by mistake!"

And he crawled back into bed.

A physician says early rising is an evil. More often it is a necessity.

# SOCIETY

MR. and Mrs. Frederick Glackmeyer, who were burnt out in the disastrous fire at the Parliament buildings, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas in St. Alban street.

Rev. Canon Starr, of Kingston, is visiting Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt at Casa Loma.

Mrs. Warren Burton and her family, have returned from Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Anderson, of Oakville, announce the engagement of their twin daughter, Lucy May, to Mr. W. T. Hambrook, of Toronto.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark, the Misses Mortimer Clark and Miss Bessie Macdonald, returned from the seaside on Tuesday.

Mrs. Victor Williams has sailed for England with her daughter, Phyllis, whom she will place at school, afterwards spending some time with friends before returning to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Small have returned from Wa-Wa, Lake of Bays.

Captain Lumb, of Brockville, has been spending a week in town.

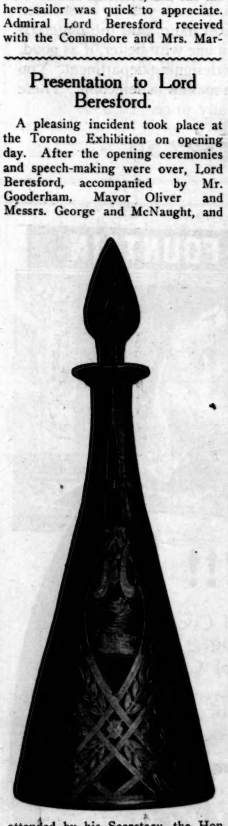
The engagement of Mr. John W. McColl, son of Mr. J. B. McColl, 49 Jackes avenue, Toronto, and Miss Elizabeth Kelly, of Long Island City, N.Y., is announced. Their marriage will take place in Long Island City the end of this month, and they will make their home in St. Clair avenue, North Toronto.

The Yacht Club garden party last week was one of the many opportunities given his admirers to meet Lord Charles Beresford, and one the hero-sailor was quick to appreciate. Admiral Lord Beresford received with the Commodore and Mrs. Marlatt, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis and others prominent in Yacht Club affairs. The lawns, with the extension which adds so much to the beauty of the Club's grounds, were in perfect order, and all the graceful craft anchored in the bay were dressed from stern to stern with bunting in honor of Lord Beresford's visit. The beautiful weather which favored all the doings in honor of the Admiral was once more to the fore, and summer frocks were quite the proper garb at the party. A good many strangers in town were introduced to the Admiral and the Yacht Club, and enthused over both. One of the most conspicuous of the out-of-town guests was Mrs. Boardman, of New York, whose jewels and general get-up created a mild sensation. Several sweet Southern girls were among the guests as usual, and everyone looked particularly nice. The marquee, with refreshments, was pitched on the south-east side of the lawn, and benches and chairs were arranged everywhere for tete-a-tetes. A special boat service took hundreds over and back, and the Admiral left in a launch about six o'clock for the yacht upon which he made his floating home during his stay in Toronto, turning to bow and lift his topper in a smiling adieu to the people lining the edge of the beautiful lawn and crowding the wharf. The band played during the afternoon on the lawn.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "Washerwomen on the Loing." By Helen G. McNicholl.

## Presentation to Lord Beresford.

A pleasing incident took place at the Toronto Exhibition on opening day. After the opening ceremonies and speech-making were over, Lord Beresford, accompanied by Mr. Gooderham, Mayor Oliver and Messrs. George and McNaught, and attended by his Secretary, the Hon. Dudley Carleton, was shown around among the more important exhibits.



In the centre of the Manufacturers' Building, facing Ryrie Bros.' booth, is an exhibit of "Depos-Art," which is attracting a great deal of attention owing to its novelty and beauty. Into this booth the worthy Admiral was taken and an explanation of the processes of manufacture was made to him by Mr. Hemming of the Hemming Studios, Montreal, who also presented him, as a souvenir of the Exhibition, with a very beautiful decanter which had been made specially for the occasion, and which bore the Beresford crest on one side and the initial "B" on the other.

The above illustration is from a photo of the decanter since taken.

Lord Beresford was much pleased with the attention, and evinced keen interest in all that was told him, being surprised to learn that artistic goods of this kind are being made in Canada.

Mrs. Berger, widow of the late Major Berger, is in town, stopping at the Grange, where Mrs. Goldwin Smith lies, at time of writing, dangerously ill. Mrs. Berger, as Ida Homer Dixon, spent much time with her aunt, Mrs. Goldwin Smith, at the Grange, and was like her sister, Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick, married from that historic mansion.

A Port Hope corespondent writes: Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Bush gave an At Home on Tuesday to about two hundred friends, from five to nine o'clock. The scene was brilliant, and in the evening the grounds were illuminated with electric Jap lanterns, and flowers and music added to the charm of the evening. Refreshments were served from decorated tables on the large verandahs, which were a bower of palms and lighted with electrics, making a fairy effect. Many of the guests were from a distance, and the house partly included Mrs. A. M. Sprankley, of Cleveland, and Miss Davey and Miss Stout, of Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, of Tannenheim, and Miss Heintzman, have returned from an extended visit to the Continent. During their sojourn abroad Mrs. Heintzman suffered a severe siege of illness, but is now much better, and her daughter was also quite broken down by anxiety and care of her mother.

The engagement of Miss Annie Hagarty and Mr. Casey Wood is announced, and is the occasion of many hearty good wishes to both the popular young people.

Miss Hurdman, daughter of Professor Hurdman, of Liverpool, who is the guest of Lady Edgar, will spend a week with Mrs. Roaf. Her sister is Mrs. Herbert Roaf.

Mr. Harry O'Brien is in town on a visit to his people.

Bishop and Mrs. Farthing have been in town. They were lunching at McConkey's at mid-week and enjoying the music of the Hungarian band, a treat which has been greatly appreciated by hundreds of Exhibition visitors.

One of last week's prettiest weddings was that of Miss Hettie Elizabeth Norris, of 106 Crescent road, daughter of Mr. C. Clinton Norris, and Dr. Allan Huston Adams, of Whitby, which was celebrated in St. Paul's church, Rev. Canon Cody officiating. White and golden asters and palms were used to decorate the handsome edifice, and the color scheme of white and gold was continued in the gowns and chapeaux of the maid of honor, Miss Clara Adams, and the bridesmaids, Miss Alice Morine and Miss Florence Fox. The bridal gown was of beautiful lace mounted on chiffon and satin, and the orthodox veil and orange blossoms completed the toilette. Rev. E. A. McIntyre was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Will and Fred Norris, Mr. Walter Moorhouse and Mr. Fred Kilmaster. Mrs. Norris gave a reception after the wedding in the family residence in Crescent road. Dr. and Mrs. Adams are spending their honeymoon in New York.

Mrs. Henshaw and Miss Doris Henshaw, have returned to the West Coast.

The engagement of Miss Blanche Doutre, of Montreal, and Mr. Wells, a wealthy resident of that city, is announced, and their marriage takes place very soon. Miss Doutre is well known in Toronto, where she has visited friends.

Miss Helen Winifred Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fulford Arnoldi, was married in St. Margaret's, Westminster Abbey, to Mr. Alfred Day Pardee, a wealthy Philadelphian, last week. Rev. Canon Henson performed the ceremony.

American descriptive expressions include coal baron railway king, and why not pork prince? It's just as silly.

The Misses Kirkpatrick, who have been visiting their brother in Ogdensburg, have returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Walter H. Robinson, of New York (*nee* Hessin), is on a visit to relatives in Toronto.

Among the many interesting paintings at the Exhibition, is one of beautiful Mrs. Ormsby by Mr. Wyly Greer, which has evoked much admiring comment.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Moore, of Winnipeg, are in town.

Dr. Lang and his bride are expected home shortly.

Mrs. and Miss Crombie, of Ottawa, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Gwynn.

# THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

conventional flapdoodle. Apparently, Mr. Walter has not seen many plays, and therefore doesn't know how managers, actors and claque expect them to be done. He does them his own way, which is a mighty good thing to do. Whatever may be the fate of 'The Wolf,' it has been proven Mr. Walter's right to be looked upon as perhaps the only serious dramatic proposition that this season has set forth."

* * *

Next week at the Grand will see the return to Toronto of the popular musical comedy, "The Gingerbread Man." It comes along with all the bright lines and all the tuneful melodies that made it one of the big hits of its class. The present company is said to be a good one, and an adequate setting is promised.

* * *

Manager Shea promises a great bill for next week, headed by the famous dancer, Dazie, assisted by a company of twelve, in the pantomime, "l'Amour de l'Artiste." Walter Kelley, "The Virginia Judge," will be seen in his first engagement since his return from Europe, and Franklin Underwood in a sketch. Others on the bill are Lawlor and Daughters, Collins and Brown, The Vindobonnas, and Sadie Jansel.

* * *

James K. Hackett and his own company, including A. S. Lipman, Miss Arda Ainslee, Miss Dorothy Quincy and Joseph Sweeney, will present a one-act playlet as the headline attraction at the Majestic Music Hall next week. The bill next week will also include Muriel Windon, Ed. Latelle, the musical minstrel monologist; the Three Deltons, comedy gymnasts; W. S. Harvey in "A Room Upside Down"; Henry Jobson, operatic black faced comedian; the Reid Sisters, acrobatic dancers, and the Golden Gate Quintette, colored singers and dancers.

* * *

Billy W. Watson, whom advancemen speak of admiringly as "the whirlwind comedian," will be the attraction at the Gayety next week in "Girls from Happyland." Billy is said to cut a tremendous pace, and to be ably seconded therein by a large and shapely company.

FIRST NIGHTER.

"WHAT'S doing in the way of amusements?" asks the newcomer ot the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from 'way back, on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing."

"By ginger! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be hell, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."—Life.

CLYDE FITCH, the dramatist, once gave an aspiring young novelist who worried him with his books a delicious piece of advice. It appears that the embryo fictionist was better qualified to sell shoes than write books. One day he came to Mr. Fitch in a great state of mind.

"No one will read my manuscripts," he declared. "There is a conspiracy of silence against me!"

"Join it," advised Mr. Fitch.

TWO brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party; both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to a group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in the conversation, he asked the latter:

"Just tell me who is that tall officer near the fireplace on the other side—I forget his name."

"That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer.

A smile stealing over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after, the general went to another group of people, and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face.

Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied:

"He asked me who that officer was over there."

"And what did you say?"

"I said he was my brother."

The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

If beauty is skin deep, we should not wonder if some matrimonial ventures look like skin games.—September Smart Set.

# MUSIC

Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, after a very pleasant vacation, has returned to the city and will resume her vocal teaching at the Conservatory of Music. Miss Nina Gale, soloist in the Northern Congregational church, and a pupil of Miss Shepherd, has been appointed to the vocal staff of the Conservatory. Miss Gale headed the list of vocal graduates at that institution's examinations last season.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Sherlock returned to Toronto this week after having enjoyed a vacation in Kingston, well fortified physically for a heavy season's work. The Toronto Oratorio Society will, with his return, resume practices for the season in a short time, and in the meanwhile singers who wish to join the chorus will find him daily at his studio at Nordheimer's, 15 King street east. 'Phone Main 6107.

* * *

Mr. Frank E. Blachford has returned to town and will continue his violin teaching at the Conservatory of Music. The Toronto String Quartette, of which Mr. Blachford is first violin, will shortly make an announcement of their series of concerts.

* * *

The annual calendar of the Conservatory School of Expression for 1909-10 has been issued in the form of a handsome and artistic booklet. In it the re-opening of the school in its different departments of expression, literature, public reading and speaking, voice and physical culture and dramatic art is announced for October 1. The sterling value of the training afforded by this widely-known institution is amply attested to by the demand for its graduates as teachers, readers, and entertainers by educational institutions and concert managers. Among the most recent appointments are those of teachers of expression on the faculties of Havergal College, Toronto; St. Agnes School, Belleville, and St. Hilda's College, Calgary. The calendar may be had upon application.

In the Art Gallery at the Exhibition: "At Kortenhoff." By J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.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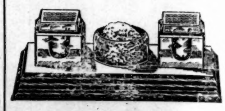

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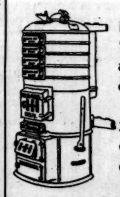

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## Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

ARMITAGE—At Picton, Ont., on September 1, 1909, to Rev. W. L. and Mrs. Armitage, a daughter.

CARTER—On September 5, 1909, at 49 Dunvegan road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. H. Carter, a son.

LYON—At 10 Carlton street, Toronto, on September 8, 1909, to Dr. and Mrs. Mortimer Lyon, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

WALSH—FULLER—On Sept. 6, 1909, Ruth Hamilton Fuller to Richard Walsh.

HORNING—IVOR—On September 7, at Toronto, Margaret Mary Ivor to James Emmerson Horning.

DEATHS.

BLOTHERWICK—On September 7, 1909, at 178 Brock avenue, Jane Isabel Sinclair, beloved wife of Harry Blotherwick.

CAYLEY—On September 5, 1909, at Salt Lake City, Frank Cayley, third son of Hon. Wm. Cayley, in his 55th year.

RIDOUT—At Spadina Gardens, Toronto, on September 4th, 1909, Elizabeth Kerr, beloved wife of George Ridout, and youngest daughter of the late John Fisken of Lawton Park, Toronto.

Funeral private.

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**Sept. 16, 17, 18**

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

**Return Rates From Toronto**

| | |
|---|---|
| DETROIT | $ 6.60 |
| SAGINAW | $ 7.40 |
| BAY CITY | $ 7.50 |
| GRAND RAPIDS | $ 9.35 |
| CLEVELAND (via Buffalo) | $ 6.35 |
| CLEVELAND (via Detroit) | $ 9.10 |
| CHICAGO | $12.40 |
| ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS | $28.40 all rail route. $31.90 via lake route. |

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|---|---|
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| Detroit, Mich. | 6.60 |
| Chicago, Ill. | 12.40 |
| Bay City, Mich. | 7.50 |
| Cleveland, Ohio (via B. & C.) | 6.35 |
| Cleveland, Ohio (via D. & C.) | 9.10 |
| Grand Rapids, Mich. | 9.35 |
| Saginaw, Mich. | 7.40 |
| St. Paul, Minn. (via Sarnia) | 31.90 |
| Minneapolis, Minn. (via Chicago) | 28.40 |

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"Where are you going to spend your vacation?" "I'm not going to." "Huh?" "I just earn my vacation—my family spends it."

## Society at the Capital

NOW that the arrival of cooler weather, coupled with the necessity in most cases of bringing the children back to their school duties, is hurrying all the seaside and country sojourners back to the city, the long succession of deserted homes which have been extant for the last few months, are again assuming their home-like aspect, and social matters are gradually asserting themselves once more.

Among those who within the past week or ten days returned to take up town life are Lady Laurier, who, with Miss Edith, returned from Athabaskeville on Thursday; Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Irwin, accompanied by their daughter, Mrs. Alan Palmer, of Kingston, who spent the past two months at The Atlantis, Kennebunk Beach, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Courtney, who have also been summering at the same attractive hostelry, and the Misses Grist, of Laurier avenue east, who spent the hot months at The Atlantis. Mr. H. N. Bate and his daughter, Mrs. Alex. Christie, and the Misses Christie, are back from their summer cottage at St. Patrick's, as are also Col. and Mrs. H. A. Bate and family. Mrs. F. C. T. O'Hara and her little daughter returned the last week in August from Brackley Beach, P.E.I., and left on Friday last for a visit to Mrs. O'Hara's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corby in Belleville. Hon. Frank, Mrs. and the Misses Claire and Anna Oliver are again occupying their town residence after having enjoyed a summer's tour abroad, and Hon. W. S. and Miss Fielding are expected home very shortly from England, where they have had an exceedingly pleasant two months touring for the greater part of the time by motor. The large contingent of dwellers at Blue Sea Lake, which has become the most popular resort on the Gatineau, and which is a perfectly ideal spot for a summer outing, have, with but one or two exceptions, returned to their city homes. They include Mr. and Mrs. Charles Keefer and Miss Bessie Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Slater, of Broadview, Aylmer; Mrs. Gordon Brown and the Misses Dorothy and Evelyn Brown, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Dorothy Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Reade, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hogg, the latter of whom this year erected a charming bungalow overlooking one of the choicest views of the Lake. Hon. N. A. and Mrs. Belcourt and family will remain at Blue Sea Lake until toward the end of October, while others, including the Bishop of Ottawa and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Dale Harris and her young people, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Chadwick expect to again take up the threads of their town duties in about a week or two. A very successful fancy dress ball, of which Mrs. Belcourt was the hostess, and a swimming party given by Mrs. Hamilton, were bright events, which the young people thoroughly appreciated recently at Blue Sea Lake.

One of the interesting summer engagements lately announced is that of Miss Ethel Jones, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis K. Jones, to Mr. Gordon Richardson, accountant in the Bank of Montreal, Ottawa, and second son of the Reverend Archdeacon Richardson, of London, Ont. Mr. Richardson has recently been transferred to the Winnipeg branch of the Bank of Montreal, and left on Monday to spend a short time with his parents in London, before leaving for his new post. Miss Jones has also gone to spend a fortnight in London at Mr. Richardson's old home. Mr. G. S. Hensley, who is well known in Ottawa, and who has been stationed in Hamilton for the past two years, has succeeded Mr. Richardson, and arrived in Ottawa in the early part of the week. Mrs. Hensley will join him later in the autumn.

During the next two months several very interesting weddings will occupy the attention of society in general and the young people in particular, as in each case the bride will be one of the prettiest girls of the Capital. Unfortunately, with one exception, each marriage will necessitate the removal of the bride from amongst her old circle of friends, and in four instances the attractive West will be the gainer where Ottawa is the loser.

The first large dance of the season will come off on the evening of Labor Day, following the fall regatta of the Ottawa Rowing Club on that afternoon. As all the events arranged by this energetic club are always a pronounced success, this one, especially as it comes after a long dearth of such events, is sure to prove a great treat to the young people. As there are entries on the afternoon's programme from various clubs of Toronto, Montreal and Lachine, this will probably ensure the presence of an extra number of desirable partners for the fair sex in the evening.

Sir Sandford Fleming entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening in special honor of his distinguished guests, Sir Joseph Ward, K.C.M.G., Premier of Australia, Lady Ward, Miss Ward, and party, and among those present were Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Hon. James Bryce, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Miss Seddon, Miss Bonsor, Dr. Fitchett, Mr. Owen Cox, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fleming.

Another distinguished guest in town is Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador from Washington, who is staying for a few days with Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, Sept. 6, 1909.

IT is not often that an advertising souvenir mounts to the dignity of a work of art, but this might very truly be applied to "The Evolutions of Canadian Commerce," a booklet which the Robert Simpson Company has published for free distribution at the Canadian National Exhibition. The story is told in seven pen and ink drawings by C. W. Jefferys, with a supplementary text of S. H. Howard. Picture No. 1 is entitled "The First Exchange," and depicts Jacques Cartier in the St. Lawrence river trading with the Indians. No. 2 shows the rough fort in the background, the white man and the Indians trading outside the gates. No. 3 depicts the rough interior of the first store, rum and rifles being predominant features. Next comes the store of nearly a century ago, and here for the first time the female figure is introduced. Next in turn we have the general store which all the older generation will remember, and next is a street scene of Toronto about 1882, while the final picture is the completed store of the Robert Simpson Company as one sees it today.

## Motor Novelties.

NOT absolutely new in motor modes, are the double leather cases containing a cushion, a wadded silk kimono and an eiderdown rug. The cases are made of morocco, in red, green, purple or brown, generally to coincide with the car upholstery. They are lined with silk to match, while the contents are also in the same shade.

In a pocket a pair of bedroom slippers is bestowed. Some of these cases are even supplied with a little board like those designed for writing accessories, only fitted instead with those for the toilette, brush and comb, hairpins, and so on, while at the back is a pocket for papers. These are easily slipped into the cases and take up practically no room.

A fresh notion is a bag made of the leather with a bloomlike surface called chiffon calf, and intended to hold handkerchiefs and gloves. It is found in all sorts of beautiful new shades of color. Another new bag combines a work case and an outfit for first aid, while yet another is made with a front to hold maps, protected by a piece of talc.

Another ingenious article for use on the road is a map measurer made of gold. There is a tiny wheel at the base of the measurer, and as this is run over the surface of the map the distance traversed is indicated on a small dial at the rate of an inch to a mile. The measurer also has a small compass and magnifying glass in it.

Some of the newest flower vases, and people seem to use these in town cars more and more, says a writer in The Queen, have a silver pin which is thrust through between the stalks of the flowers at the top to keep them in place. An object which certainly our grandmothers never had on their chatelaines and which was unknown to us within a few months ago is a little gold case looking like an elongated scent bottle, and containing a stick of lip salve with which the owner can moisten her lips after a long drive.

Another great boon is a little case of soap papers fitted into a handbag. They are much more convenient than carrying a soap case, besides being handy for an al fresco toilette, when the only basin is a wayside brook and everybody wants the soap at the same moment.

## Her Last Word.

SHE stamped her foot as she spoke, and pointed to the door. Slowly, as if with pain, Armadillo rose up from the divan, and grasped the knob in his tremulous hand. It had all come upon him so suddenly that for the moment he was dazed. His mind went white, and gray thoughts surged tumultuously in his brain-pan. He looked out of the window where the apple blossoms had turned a greening world into a bower of pink, fit for a fairy queen, and it turned to ashes in his mouth. This was the bitter awakening from all those dreams of happiness. At the moment of its grasping the prize had slipped from his fingers. Finally, with a slight catch in his throat:

"Is this your last word?"

The phrase fell from his lips dully, and was almost lost in the hollows of his cheeks, but she had heard. She drew herself up proudly erect, and looked him through and through, her eyes flashing the scorn she felt.

"No!" she answered, without even pausing to think. "It is not my last word. After you have gone I shall probably speak a few more words to others, but what they will be is no concern of yours, Lord Armadillo. And then when to-morrow's sun has dawned I shall continue to make observations as they occur to me, and so on for to-morrows yet unnumbered. Why should I speak my last word to you? I tell you now, and to your face, that my last word will not be spoken for many years to come, and in between this and that will come thousands upon thousands of other words which I shall use as I see fit, and addressed to whomsoever I choose to address them without accounting to you! And finally, let me tell you now, and again once more to your face, that when I do speak it my last word will not be Go, but Zythum!"

"Zythum?" he cried, clutching at the arm of the chair to steady himself, a look of pain crossing his pallid features. The word seemed ominous, and his dread increased, as he mumbled it over and over again to himself, "Zythum?"

"Yes, Zythum!" she retorted, turning away from him and running her fingers lightly over the keys of the piano. "I have been brought up on Webster's dictionary, Count Armadillo, and according to Webster, Zythum is the last etymological specimen in the fauna and flora of our English terminology."

And the Count staggered out into the night, hugging his sorrow to his breast.—Harper's Weekly.

AN ancient resident of a rural community one morning found one of his neighbors, a gentleman farmer, pacing about his yard in some excitement.

"What in the world, Uncle Totterly, do you suppose is the matter with my hens?" asked the latter anxiously. "Why, this morning I found six of them lying on their backs, cold and stiff, with their feet sticking up in the air."

The ancient one surveyed the scene, and then, after a suitable season of cogitation, gravely replied:

"Yer hens is dead, Mr. Cittily."

CHARLES E. BIGELOW, the comedian, is bald, except for a rim of hair a few inches above his collar line.

"I'm in an awful hurry," he said one day to the Lambs Club barber; "can you cut my hair with my collar on?"

"Sure," replied the barber, "I can cut it with your hat on."

When George Ade was coming from New Orleans last winter he noticed among the race-track men on the train one tan-shoed sheet writer with the largest feet he had ever seen. And he furthermore testifies and affirms that the sheet writer, on rising in the morning, discovered that the porter had shined one shoe and a suit-case.

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If you will but ask some owner of a Bell Autonola what he thinks of it, you will understand the reason for the remarkably artistic success of this gloriously beautiful instrument. You will be told that it endears itself to the whole family circle more and more as the years go on; you will find that there are character and excellence in the Autonola that makes it doubly appreciated by the owner. See this wonderful instrument at Toronto Exhibition, also at

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**Courian, Babayan & Co.**

40 KING ST. EAST Opp. King Edward Hotel

## Concerning Shaw's Latest

A WRITER in the San Francisco Argonaut gives an interesting account of Bernard Shaw's last play, "Press Cuttings," which was banned by the English censor. Without wishing to hold a brief for the censor, who has a great many more foolish than sensible judgments to his credit, one is forced to admit that he seems to have been justified in his verdict on Shaw's latest, which appears to be made up principally of vulgar twaddle. But it would probably have been much more effectively doomed if placed on the stage without the martyr's wreath of excommunication by the censor. The article is as follows:—

Mr. Bernard Shaw believes, or says he believes, that he is an object of especial abhorrence to King Edward. We may reasonably doubt if Mr. Shaw does believe this, or, indeed, anything else, Mr. Shaw's strong point being rather the destruction of other people's beliefs than the formation or inculcation of his own. Mr. Shaw's parade of royal animosity is somewhat like the noisy claim of a countryman of his who once boasted that the great Duke of Wellington had spoken to him. Pressed for the substance of the communication, it turned out that the duke had said, "Don't be a damned fool," a piece of salutary advice that was evidently wasted.

But having incurred the royal enmity—doubtless due to jealousy—what more likely than that the king should whisper into the ear of the dramatic censor, who, after all, is the king's menial and lackey, that Mr. Shaw's play should be banned, excommunicated with bell, book, and candle, and placed beyond the pale? Whether through royal intervention or simply from a censorial desire to earn his salary, that is exactly what happened. The censor forbade the production of the play, which means, of course, no more than it must be excluded from certain theatres. If this was actually due to the king we may almost venture to assume that his majesty must have had a personal interest in the success of the play, for the condemnation of the censor is now a part of the regular stock in trade of the press agent. The play that has to begin its career without a prohibition from the censor is pretty severely handicapped and can hardly expect to win the favor of the public.

I need not describe the exact way in which Mr. Shaw's friends drove a coach and four through the law. There are half a dozen well-trodden routes, and large audiences lie at the end of all of them. Be it sufficient to say that "Press Cuttings" was duly produced at the Court Theatre, and if those who were present had paid subscription fees to the new Civic and Dramatic League instead of the usual prosaic admission fees we may be sure that the money reached its appointed destination.

Its appointed destination was the war chest of the suffragettes. Mr. Shaw, it seems, is a suffragette, and his contribution takes this form. Just as Mr. Chesterton—and I ask Mr. Chesterton's pardon for the association—is willing to write a book upon the smallest provocation, so Mr. Shaw meets the tendered contribution list with the offer of a play, and the play has the censor's prohibition affixed to it like a coupon to a bond.

But do the suffragettes really like this sort of thing, and if so is this really the sort of thing that they like? Take, for example, the dialogue between General Mitchener and Mrs. Farrell, a charwoman who objects to be sworn at by the military:

**Mitchener**—When a man has risked his life on eight battle fields, Mrs. Farrell, he has given sufficient proof of his self-control to be excused a little strong language.

**Mrs. Farrell**—Would you put up with bad language from me because I've risked me life eight times in child-bed?

**Mitchener**—My dear Mrs. Farrell, you surely would not compare a risk of that harmless domestic kind to the fearful risks of the battlefield.

**Mrs. Farrell**—I wouldn't compare risks run to bear livin' people into the world to risks run to blow them out of it. A mother's risk is booty; a soldier's nothin' but divilmint.

**Mitchener (nettled)**—Let me tell you, Mrs. Farrell, that if the men did not fight, the women would have to fight themselves. We spare you that, at all events.

**Mrs. Farrell**—You can't help yourselves. If three-quarters of you were killed we could replace you with the help of the other quarter. If three-quarters of us was killed how many people would there be in England in another generation? If it wasn't for that, the men'd put the fighting on us, just as they put all the other drudgery. What would you do if we was all kilt? Would you go to bed and have twins?

(Several lines are omitted here as being unfit for publication.)

Think of that! Henceforth I am unanimously upon the side of the censor. I rise as one man and wish more power to his elbow, and I regret that he has not the right to hang, draw, and quarter, as well as to "prohibit." But did the suffragettes mind it? At least they bore it with fortitude, and if they blushed at all it was upon some undiscovered part of their geographical area.

When Mr. Shaw ceases to be indelicate he is apt to become a little silly. Take, for instance, the colloquy between Lady Corinthia and Mrs. Banger:

**Lady Corinthia**—The suffragettes have turned the whole woman movement on to the wrong track. They ask for a vote.

**Mrs. Banger**—What use is a vote? Men have the vote.

**Lady Corinthia**—And men are slaves.

**Mrs. Banger**—What women need is the right to military service. Give me a well mounted regiment of women with sabres opposed to a regiment of men with votes. We shall see which will go down before the other. No; we have had enough of these gentle, pretty creatures who merely talk and cross-examine ministers in police courts and go to prison like sheep and suffer and sacrifice themselves. This question must be solved by blood and iron, as was well said by Bismarck,, who I have reason to believe was a woman in disguise.

**Mitchener**—Bismarck a woman!

**Mrs. Banger**—All the really strong men of history have been disgusted women.

**Mitchener (remonstrating)**—My dear lady!

**Mrs. Banger**—How can you tell? You never knew that the hero of the charge at Kassaassin was a woman; yet she was; it was I, Rosa Carmina Banger. Would Napoleon have been so brutal to women, think you, had he been a man.

This, it must be admitted, is rather silly, but then Mr. Shaw was not writing for the sensible, but for suffragettes, and they seem positively to revel in it. They were there in all ages—old women, middle-aged women, girls. There were a good many men there, too, some of them without chaperons and looking as though they wished they had had some warning as to the nature of the performance. It must have been very embarrassing for an unprotected male.

Strictly speaking, "Press Cuttings" is not a play. It is a mere medley of dialogue and the characters are lay figures used as vehicles for the speeches. There is no particular plot, incident, or ending except that prime minister, general, charwoman, and all the rest break into shouts of "Votes for women." Perhaps the suffragette movement will profit financially from Mr. Shaw's efforts, but it is hard to see in what other way it can benefit.

## The Child in the Garden.

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread the garden, loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown, and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear;
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be."

—Henry Van Dyke, in The Presbyterian.

## The Function and Practice of Dramatic Criticism.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER, the dean of American dramatic critics, has written a very interesting article on his own chosen field in a recent issue of the New York Tribune. He points out that in every theatrical season the cry of dissatisfied or enraged theatrical managers rings through the land, on the subject of "unjust," "unsympathetic," "hostile" criticism. Among those persons the notion is prevalent, and it is becoming more so, that the province of a "critic" is to approve and praise all that goes on in the theatres; for it is often intimated that anything else is not only unjust but dishonest and malicious. A new theatrical season is opening, and, therefore, a few words relative to the province of dramatic criticism will be appropriate here.

The duty of advocating a fine Drama is manifest, but the task of advocating a fine Drama is difficult. In this, as in some other matters, the welfare of the many must be protected, against their will, by the determined opposition and strenuous labor of the few. Impure drama, as experience has clearly shown, finds favor with the desultory multitude. It ought not to do so, but it does, and the influence of it is continuously pernicious. All the more reason exists, therefore, why a conscientious writer should defend the good and denounce the evil. His recompense will be the hostility of many individual enemies, and likewise a liberal measure of public obloquy; but, in the long run, he will exert a good influence, he will improve public taste, and he will benefit society. Advancement in the right direction is slow, but it is continuous. The obligation resting upon such a writer, accordingly, is clear. He must write for the information and benefit of readers. The task of the critic exacts specific qualifications and steadfast allegiance to high and stern principles, intellectual and moral. It is a part of his duty to know the literature of the drama; to discriminate betwixt Declamation and Acting, betwixt appearance and impersonation; to see the mental, moral and spiritual aspects of the stage, and likewise to see the popular, the expedient, and the mercenary aspects of it; to make due allowance for all obstacles that confront well-intended endeavor; to hold the scale true; to reach the intelligence of a great public of miscellaneous readers; to respect, as far as possible, the feelings and ambitions of actors; to praise with discretion and yet with force—displaying somewhat more than the fervor of an animated clam; to censure without undue severity; to denounce, explicitly and as often as necessary, the influences, often operant by misuse of the stage, that would vitiate taste and morals; to think quickly and speak quickly, yet make no error; to check, oppose, and discomfit, on all occasions, the levelling spirit of sordid "commercialism," which is forever striving to degrade every high ideal and mobble it in the ruck of mediocrity; to give not alone knowledge, study, and technical skill, in the exercise of literary art, for the good of the theatre, but, also, the best power of the mind and the deepest feelings of the heart to the celebration and embellishment of the labor of others. That is the duty which many writers in the American press are striving to perform, often against bitter opposition—writers among the older journalists, such as J. Ranken Towse, Henry Watterson, George P. Goodale, Brander Matthews, Peter Robertson, Franklyn Fyles, Charles M. Bragg, H. T. Parker and Robinson Locke, and, among younger workers in the good cause, James O'Donnell Bennett, Burns Mantle, Charles Darnton, William A. Sage, Louis V. De Foe, George Henry Payne, Norman Hapgood, and R. Mawson.

Some actors, no doubt, are, sometimes, unappreciated, or even neglected. The spirit of the age is tumultous. "The affair cries haste, and speed must answer it." Some of the abundant newspaper commentary which figures as dramatic criticism doubtless provides cause enough for discontent on the part of the actors—and of readers. Mention has been made of an American ironmonger who was taken into Stratford Church to see the tomb of Shakespeare, and whose friend reproached him for tapping on the rail with his jack-knife, whereupon he said he was bound to find out whether, in a neighborhood having very little iron, the fences were made solid or hollow, and, on being reproved for lack of reverence, he further stated that the grave of the man who wrote "Damon and Pythias" and "The Lady of Lyons" was a matter of no consequence to him. Some "dramatic criticism" appears to proceed from that kind of person—or, perhaps, from such dames as the lady who, on hearing that story, declared, with vehemence, that some people have no respect even for those great works of Shakespeare! But, on the other hand, the contemporary period is rich, beyond precedent, in its intellectual effort to recognize, honor, and celebrate the votaries of the stage. Actors, the most sensitive of all artists—for the obvious and sufficient reason that themselves, and not alone their works, are on public exhibition—receive, from all critics worthy of the name, the most generous and delicate consideration, and furthermore, they and their doings receive considerably more attention than is accorded to even the most important and conspicuous statemen of the age. Neither actors or theatrical managers have any just ground of complaint against dramatic criticism. In the sense in which the Literature of a nation is national property the Theatre of a nation is also national property: and it well becomes every conscientious and honorable publicist to use his pen, freely and potentially, to protect its honor, to preserve its purity, and to advance its welfare and its righteous influence. that duty involves incessant toil and the incurrence of enmity and abuse. Yet the vocation has its recompense; for, as years speed away and life grows bleak and lonely, it is the rightly governed Stage that gives relief from tedious conventionality and dreary routine; it is the Stage, with its sunshine of humor and its magic art to open the boundless realm of imagination, that lures us from care and sorrow, from defeated ambitions, waning fortunes, and the broken idols and darkened hopes of vanished youth. Happy are the dreams it has inspired and fostered. Noble are the ideals it has imparted and nourished. Gentle, tender, and ever sacred are the friendships with which it has blessed and beautified life. Let us sternly condemn every abuse of it. Let us spare no effort to make it great and keep it pure.

For sheer simplicity of phrase and conception few have surpassed that delightful old lady who, with a shrewd twinkle in her eye, inquired whether "'soda-water' should be written as two separate words, or if there should be a siphon between them?"

Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife. Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet? Mary—No. But he dislikes mother more every time he sees her.

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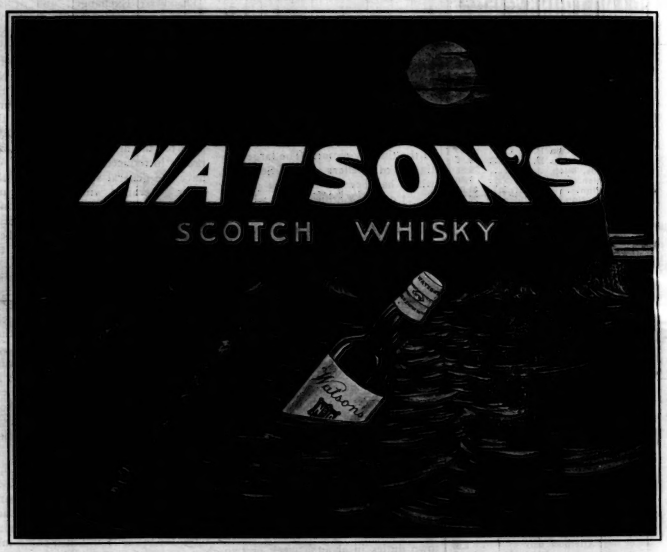


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